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Materialien zur Kunde

des

älteren Englischen Dramas

# Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

**W. BANG**

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

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SECHSUNDZWANZIGSTER BAND

ERSTER TEIL

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LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
David NUTT

1909

# SIR

# GYLES GOOSECAPPE

## NACH DER QUARTO 1606

IN NEUDRUCK HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

**W. BANG und R. BROTANEK**

985-65
24/9/09

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
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LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1909

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# SIR
# GYLES GOOSECAPPE
*Knight.*

---

A Comedie preſented by the Chil:
of the Chappell.

AT LONDON:
Printed by *Iohn Windet* for
*Edward Blunt.* 1606.

*Eugenie,* *A widowe, and a Noble Ladie.*

*Hyppolita,* } *Ladie-virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.*
*Penelope,* }

*Wynnsfred,* *gentlewoman to Eugenia.*

*Monford,* *A Noble Man, vnkle to Eugenia.*

*Clarence,* *Gentleman, friend to Monf.*

*Fowlewether,* *a french affected Trauayter, & a Captaine.*

*Sir Giles Goosecap:* *a foolish knight.*

*Sir Cuthbert Rudsbie,* *a blunt knight.*

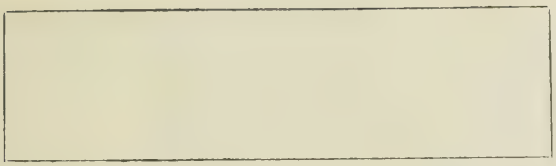
*Sir Clement kingcob,* *a knight.*

*Lord Tales.*

*Lord Furnifall.*

*Bullaker,* *a french Page.*

*Iack* } *Pages*
*Will* }



# SIR GYLES GOOSE-CAPPE, KNIGHT.

## ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

*Enter Bullaker with a Torche.*

*Bullaker.*

THis is the Countesse *Eugenias* house I thinke, I can neuer hit of theis same English Cittie howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in ny Citty in Fraunce, I coulde find any house there at midnight.

*Enter Iacke, and Will.*

I*ack.* Theis two strange hungrie knights (*VVil*) make the leanest trenchers that euer I waited on.

*VVill.* A plague on them I*ack*, they leaue vs no fees at all, for our attendance, I thinke they vse to sett their bones in siluer they pick them so cleane, see, see, see *Iack* whats that?

*Iack* A my worde (*VVill*) tis the great Baboone, that was to be seene in Southwarke.

*VVill* Is this he? gods my life what beastes were we, that we wood not see him all this while, neuer trust mee if hee looke not somewhat like a man, see how pretely hee holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his keeper trowe, is he broke loose?

*Iack* Hast euer an Apple about thee (*VVill*) weele take him vp sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of mony with him.

*VVil.* That we shall yfath boy, and looke thou here, heres a red cheekt apple to take him vp with.

*Ia.* Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our prouant,and to him.

*Bul.* Ile let them alone a while.

*Ia.* Giue me the apple to take vp *Iacke*, because my name is *Iacke*.

*VVil* Hold thee *Iacke*,take it.

*Ia.* Come *Iacke*,come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*.

*Bul.* I will come to your Sir, Ile *Iacke* ye a my worde, Ile *Iacke* ye.

*VVill* Gods me he speakes *Iacke*, O pray pardon vs Sir.

*Bul.* Out ye *mopede monckies* can yee not knowe a man from a *Marmasett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of ours?nay ile *Iackefie* you alittle better yet.

*both*, Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon vs,

*Bul.*Pardon vs,out ye home-bred peasants,plain english, pardon vs, if you had parled,& not spoken,but said *pardonne moy*; I wood haue pardon'd you, but since you speake,and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

*Ambo O pardonne moy mounsieur.*

*Bul. Bien ie vous remercie,thers pardonne pour vous* Sir now.

*Will* Why I thanke ye for it Sir , you seeme to bee a Squire of our order Sir.

*Ia.* Whose page might you be Sir.

*Bul.* I am now the great French Traualers page.

*Wil* Or rather the frēch Traualers great page.Sir,on,on

*Bul.* Hight Captaine Fouleweather, alias Comendations; whose valours within here at super with the Coũtes *Eugenia*, whose propper eaters I take you two to be.

*Will* You mistake vs not Sir.

*Ia.* This captain Fouleweather, alias Cõmendations (*Wil*) is the gallãt that wil needs be a sutor to our Coũtes

*Will* Faith and if Fouleweather be a welcome suiter to a faire Ladie, has good lucke.

*Ia.* O Sir , beware of one that can showre into the lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather ? why hees a Captinado

Captinado , or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their ioyntes that giue him cause to worke vppon them so heauylie, that hee will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why hee will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather ? why he does so dominere, and raigne ouer women.

*Will* A plague of Captaine Fowleweather. I remẽber him now *Jack*, and know him to be a dull moist braind Asse.

*Ia.* A Southerne man I thinke.

*Will* As fearefull as a Hare, & a will lye like a Lapwing,& I know how he came to be a Captain,& to haue his Surname of Commendations.

*Ia.* How I preethee *Will?*

*Will* Why Sir he serued the great Ladie Kingcob,and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a cood brush vp her silkes lustely, she thought hee would curry the enemies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

*Ia.* Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was euer after surnamde Captaine Commendations?

*Will* Right.

*Bul.* I Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine shoulde haue taken no wrong at his handes, nor yours neither I can tell ye.

*Ia.* What are those two Knights names , that are thy captaines *Comrades*,and within at supper with our Lady?

*Bul.* One of their names Sir,is,Sir *Gyles Goosecappe* ,the others Sir *Cutt. Rudseby*.

*Will* Sir *Gyles Goosecappe* whats he a gentleman ?

*Bul.* I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

*Ia.* In Essex?did not his Auncestors come out of Londõ

*Bul.* Yes that they did Sir , the best *Gosecappes*

in

in England, comes out of London I assure you.

*VVill* I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countriman is Sir *Cutt. Rudeby* ?

*Bul.* A Northern man,or a VVesternmã I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man ; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him;for tis a very forcible word in troth, & yet he forces it too much by his fauour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicitie often times he trauailes himsele out of all good company.

I*ack* Like enough; he trauaild for nothing else.

*VVil* But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Goosecap* now Sir?

*Bul.* Sir *Gyles Goosecap* has alwayes a deathes head (as it were)in his mouth,for his onely one reason for euery thing is, because wee are all mortall; and therefore hee is generally cald the mortall knight; then hath he another prettie phrase too,and that is, he will tickle the vanitie ant still in euery thing, and this is your S*umma totalis* of both their virtues.

I*a.* Tis enough,tis enough, as long as they haue land enough, but now muster your thirde person afore vs I beseech you,

*Bul.* The thirde person and second knight blunt Sir *Cutt. Rudesby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit a good bustling gallant talkes well at Rouers; he is two parts souldier;as slouenlie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard wil dead a Cannon shott better then a woolpacke: hee will come into the presence like yor Frenchman in foule bootes: and dares eate garlik as a prepratiue to his Courtship;you shall knowe more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

*Wil* That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too and you will; first my Ladie the widowe, and Countes *Eugenia*,

*Eugenia*, is in earnest, a most worthy Ladie, and indeede can doe more then a thousand other Ladies can doe I can tell ye.

*Bvl* Whats that I pray thee?

I*ack*. Mary Sir,he meanes she can do more then sleep, and eate and drinke; and play at noddy , and helpe to make hir selfe readie.

*Bul* Can she so?

*Will* She is the best scholler of any woman but one in England, she is wise and vertuous.

I*a*. Nay shee has one strange qualitie for a woman besides, tho these be strange enough that hee has rekoned.

*Bul*. For Gods sake whats that?

I*a*. She can loue reasonable constantly,for she loued her husband only,almost a whole yeere togeather.

*Bul*. Thats strange indeed, but what is youre faire Ladie Sir?

I*a*. My Ladie Sir, the Ladie *Hippolita*.

*VVill* That is as chast as euer was *Hippolitus*.

I*a*.(True my prettie *Parenthesis*) is halfe a maid,halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe.

*Bul*. Strange tale to tell; howe canst thou make this good my good *Assumpsit*.

I*a*. Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a gallant young gentleman that loude hir with such passion and admiration that he neuer thought he could bee so blessed as to enioy her in full marriage, till the minister was marrying them, and euen then when he was saying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita*; with extreame ioy he began to looke pale, then going forwardes saying to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both shall liue, he lookt extreame pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her parte, and said, I *Hippolota* take thee *Charles*, hee began to faint for ioy, then saying to my wedded husband, hee began to sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he could

coulde stand no longer but with verie conceit it seemd, that shee whome hee tendred as the best of all thinges, shoulde pronounce the worst , and for his sake too, hee suncke downe right, and died sodenly : And thus being halfe married, & her halfe husband wholy dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe;do ye conceiue me Sir ?

*Bul.* O Lord Sir,I deuoure you quicke; and now Sir I beseech you open vnto me your tother Ladie, what is shee ?

*Will* Ile answere for her, because I know her Ladiship to be a perfect maide indeed.

*Bul* How canst thou know that ?

*Will*Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

I*a.* By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and slyp ouer her nose ?

*VVill* No Sir no, by a rule that wil not slip so I warrant you, which for hir honours sake I wil let slip vnto you, gods so I*ack*,I thinke they haue supt.

*Ja.* Bir Ladie we haue waited wel the while.

*Will* VVell though they haue lost their attendance, let not vs lose our Suppers *Iack.*

*Iack* I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in and drinke with vs yfaith.

*Bul. Pardonne moy mounsieur.*

*both* No pardoning in trueth Sir,

*Bul. Ie vous remercy de-bon Ceur.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Goosecappe Rudesby Fouleweather Eugenia Hippol. Penelope, Wynne.*

*Rud.* A plague on you sweete Ladies, tis not so late, what needed you to haue made so short a supper.

*Goos.* In truth Sir *Cutt.* we might haue tickled the vanitie ant,an howre longer if my watch betrustible.

*Foul.* I but how should theis bewties knowe that Sir *Gyles?*your watch is mortall,and may erre.

*Goos.*

*Go.* Thats sooth Captain,but do you hear honest friēd, pray take a light , and see if the moone shine, I haue a Sunnedial! will resolue presently.

*Fo.* Howsoeuer belieue it Ladies,tis vnwholesome, vncourtlie, vnpleasant to eate hastelie,& rise sodainly,a mā can shew no discourse,no witt, no stirring, no varietie, no prettie conceits, to make the meate goe down

*Eu. Winnefred.* (emphaticaly?

*Win.* Madam.

*Eu.* I prethie goe to my vnkle the Lord *Momford*,and intreat him to come quicken our eares with some of his pleasant Spirit; This same *Fowleweather* has made me so melanchollie, prethie make haste.

*Win.* I will madam. *Exit.*

*Hip.* VVe will bid our guests good night madam, this same *Fowleweather* makes me so sleepie.

*Pen.* Fie vppon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements, heres such a fulsome aire comes into this chamber; in good faith madame you must keepe your house in better reparations,this same *Fowlweather* beats in so filthily.

*Eug.* Ile take order with the Porter for it Ladie, good night gentlemen.

*Ru.*VVhy good night & be hāgd,& youl needs be gon.

*Goos.* God giue you good night madams,thanke you for my good cheere, weele tickle the vanitie ant, no longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La: to supper at my lodging one of these mornings; and that ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

*Eu. L*ight the *L*adie *Penelope*,and the *L*adie *Hippolita* to their chambers,good night faire *L*adies.

*Hip.* Good night madam, I wish you may sleepe well after your light supper.

*Eug.* I warrant you *L*adie I shall neuer be troubled with dreaming of my Frēch *S*uter. *Exeunt*

*Ru.*VVhy how now my *F*rēchified captain *Fowlweather*? by gods ludd thy Surname is neuer thought vpō here, I perceiue heeres no bodie giues thee any cōmendations.

*Fo.*VVhy this is the vntrauaild rudnes of our grose Eng-

lesh *L*adies now; would any French Ladie vse a man thus thinke ye? be they any way so vnciuil, and fulsome? they say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I say they lie,and I will die int.

*Rud.* I, doe so, pray thee , thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.

*Foul.* Their smockes quoth you? a my worde you shal take them vp so white, and so pure,so sweet, so Emphaticall, so moouing.

*Rud.* I marry Sir,I think they be continually mouing.

*Foul.* But if their smockes were Course or foule.

*Rud.* Nay I warrant thee thou carest not,so thou wert at them.

*Foul* S'death they put not all their virtues in their smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

*Rud. B*ut in their stewde pox, theres all their gentilitie.

*Goos.* Nay good Sir *Cutt.* doe not agrauate him no more.

*Fowl.* Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiare so noble,so sweet in entertainment, that when you shal haue cause to descourse or sometimes to come neerer[1] them; if your breath bee ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye, in kind sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath Sir, thus it is with your teeth Sir, this is your disease, and this is your medicine.

*Goos.* As I am true mortall Knight,it is most superlatiuely good,this.

*Foul.* Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of France, our peuishe dames are so proud,so precise,so coy,so disdainfull, and so subtill, as the *Pomonean* Serpent, *mort dieu* the Punck of Babilon was neuer so subtill.

*Rud.* Nay doe not chafe so Captaine.

*Foul. Your*

*Foul.* Your Frenchman wood euer chafe Sir *Cutt.* being thus moude.

*Rud.* VVhat?and play with his beard so.

*Foul.* I and brystle,it doth expresse that passion of anger very full and emphaticall.

*Goos.* Nay good knight if your French wood brystle, lethim alone,introth our Ladies are a little too coy and subtill Captaine indeed.

*Foul.* Subtle Sir *Giles Goosecappe*? I assure your Soule, they are as subtill with their suters, or loues, as the Latine Dialect where the nominatiue Case, and the verbe, the Substantiue, and the Adiectiue, the verbe, and the verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect strangers one to another;and you shall hardly find them out, but then learne to Construe,and perse them, and you shall find them prepard, and acquainted, & agree together,in Case,gender,and number.

*Goos.* I detest Sir *Cutt*, I did not thinke hee had bin halfe the quintissence of a scholler he is.

*Foul.* Slydd theres not one of them truely emphatical.

*Goos.* Yes Ile ensure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall but all your French Ladies are not fatt? are they Sir?

*Foul.* Fatt Sir, why doe yee thinke Emphaticall is fatt Sir *Giles?*

*Rud.* Gods my life brother knight, didst thou thinke so? hart I know not what it is my selfe, but yet I neuer thought it was fatt, Ile be sworne to thee.

*Foul.* Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing in differently stuffed,why you should haue had her more respectiue by farre.

*Rud.* Nay theres some reason for that Captaine, me thinks a true woman should perpetually doate vppon a new fashion.

*Foul.* VVhy y'are i'thright Sir *Cutt.* *Jnnoua fert Animus mutatas dicere formas.* tis the mind of man, and wo-

man to affect new fashions; but to our Mynsatiues for sooth,if he come like to your *Besognio*, or your bore,so he bee rich, or emphaticall, they care not; would I might neuer excell a dutch Skipper in Courtshippe,if I did not put distaste into my cariage of purpose; I knew I should not please them. *Lacquay?allume le torche.*

*Rud.* Slydd, heres neither Torch, nor *L*acquay me thinks,

*Foul. O mon dew.*

R*ud.* O doe not sweare Captaine.

*Foul.* Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir C*utt*,vpon the lacke of his *L*acquay I assure you.

*Goos.* See heere he comes,and my *L*adies two pages, they haue bin tickling the vanitie ont yfaith.

## SCÆNA TERTIA.

*Enter to them Iack, Bullaker, Will.*

*Ia.* Captaine Fowleweather, my *L*adie the Countes *Eugenia* commends hir most kindly to you, and is determined to morrowe morning earely if it be a frost to take her Coach to *B*arnet to bee nipt where if it please you, to meet her , and accompany her homewarde, ioyning your wit with the frost,and helpe to nippe her.She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will haue a ioyfull breakefast.

*Foul.* I shall indeed my deeare youth.

*Rud.* Why Captaine I abusd thee, I see : I said the Ladies respected thee not,and now I perceiue the widowe is in loue with thee.

F*oul.* Sblood knight I knew I had strucke her to the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extrauagant fashion : I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship vppon her,that has hertofore made a lane amongst the French Ladies like a *C*uluering *S*hot, Ile be sworne;and I think Sir *Gyles* you saw how she fell vnder it.

*Goos.* O as cleare as candlelight,by this day-light.

R*ud.* O good knight a the post,heele sweare any thing.

*Will* The other two *L*adies commend them no lesse kindly to you two knights too; & desire your worships wood meete them at Barnet ith morning with the Cap-

F*oul. Goos.* R*ud.* O.good Sir. (taine.

*Goos.* Our worships shal attend their *L*adiships thether.

*Ia.* No Sir *Giles* by no meanes, they will goe priuately thether, but if you will meet them there.

*Rud.* Meet them, weele die fort, but weele meet them.

*Foul.* *L*ets goe thether to night knights, and you bee true gallants.

*Rud.* Content.

*Ja.* How greedely they take it in Sirra.

*Goos.* No it is too farre to goe to night, weele bee vp betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

*Foul.* Why its but ten miles, & a fine cleere nightS. *Gyles*

*Goos.* But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

*Rud.* VVhy doost thinke its any more?

*Goos.* I, Ile laie ten pounds its more then ten mile, or twelue either.

*Rud.* VVhat to *Barnet?*

*Gous.* *I*, to *Barnet?*

*Ru.* *S*lidd, Ile laie a hũdred poũd with thee, if thou wilt.

*Goos.* Ile laie fiue hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know, I am sure it was foure yeares agon ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles growe thinke you, as well as other *Animals*.

*Ia.* O wise Knight!

*Gos.* I neuer Innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of theise Ridiculus Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

*Foul.* A prettie proiect.

*Bul.* Intruth Captain if I might aduise you, you should tarrie, and take the morning afore you.

*Foul.* How? *O mon Diew*, how the villaine *poulltroune*, dishonours his trauaile? you *Buffonly Mouchroun*, are you so mere rude, and English to aduise your *C*aptaine?

*Ru.* Nay I prethie *Fouleweather* be not tẽpesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

*Foul.* Tẽpesteous Sir *Cutt*, will your Frenchman thinke you, suffer his *L*acquay to aduise him? *Go.* O God

*Go.* O God you must take heed Lacquy how you aduise yourcaptain,your Frẽch lacquay would not haue donit.

*Foul.* He would haue bin poxt first : *Allume le torche,* sweet pages commend vs to your Ladies , say wee kisse their white handes, and will not faile to meete them: knights which of you leades?

*Goos.* Not we Sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

*Rud.* Besides,thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe,and Captaine Commendations.

*Foul.* VVhy, what tho I be Captaine Commendations?

*Rud.* VVhy and Captain commendations, is hartie? commendations, for Captaines are hartie I am sure, or else hang them,

*Foul.* VVhy , what if I bee harty Commendations, come, come, sweete knights leade the way.

*Rud.* O Lorde Sir , alwaies after my hartie Commendations.

*Foul.* Nay then you conquer mee with president, by the Autenticall forme of all Iustice letters. *Alloun.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* Heres a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed,is there not?

*Will* I but how will they disgest it thinkest thou? when they shall finde our Ladies not there ?

*Ia.* I haue a vaunt-Curriing deuise shall make them digest it most healthfully. *Exeunt.*

## SCÆNA QVARTA.

*Enter Clarence Musicians.*

*Cla.* VVorke on sweet loue,I am not yet resolud
T'exhaust this troubled spring of vanities
And nurse of perturbations,my poore life,
And therefore since in euery man that holds
This being deare, there must be some desire
VVhose power to'enioy his obiect may so maske

The

The Iudging part that in her radyant eyes
His estimation of the world may seeme
Vpright,and worthy, I haue chosen loue
To blind my Reason with his mistie handes
And make my estimatiue power beleiue
I haue a proiect worthy to imploy
VVhat worth so euer my whole man affordes:
Then sit at rest my Soule, thou now hast found
The ende of thy infusion, in the eyes
Of thy diuine *Eugenia* looke for heauen.
*Cla.* Thanks gentle friends *A song to the Violls.*
is your good Lord and mine,gon vp to bedd yet?

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* I do assure ye not Sir,not yet, nor yet,my deep, and studious friend,not yet musicall *Clarence.*
*Cla.* My Lord?
*Mom,* Nor yet, thou sole deuider of my Lordshippe.
*Cla.* That were a most vnfit diuision
And farre aboue the pitche of my lowe plumes
I am your bold and constant guest my Lord.
*Mom.* Far,far from bold, for thou hast known me long
Almost theis twentie yeares,and halfe those yeares
Hast bin my bedfellow; long time before
This vnseene thing, this thing of nought indeed
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordshippe shinde in me,
And yet thou makst thy selfe as little bould
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age
And truth of our indissolable loue
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday
Such is thy gentle and too tender Spirit.
*Cla.* My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare
I should be rude, and this my meane estate
Meetes with such enuie, and detraction
Such misconstructions,and resolud misdoomes
Of my poore worth, that should I be aduaunc' d

Beyonde

Beyond my vnseene lowenes, but one haire
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits
That flye in ill-lungd tempests through the world,
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders
If she but looke out of the ground of glorie.
Twixt, whome, and me,and euery worldlie fortune
There fiights such sowre,and Curst *Antipathy*
So waspishe, and so petulant a Starre,
That all things tending to my grace or good
Are rauisht from their obiect, as I were
A thing created for a wildernes
And must not thinke of any place with men.

*Mom.* O harke you Sir,this waiwarde moode of yours must syfted be,or rather rooted out,
youle no more musick Sir ?

*Cla.* Not now my Lord,

*Mom.* Begon my masters then to bedd,to bedd.

*Cla. I* thanke you honest friends *Exeunt Musicians.*

*Mo.* Hence with this book,& now *Mounfieur Clarence*, methinks plaine & prose friendship would do excellent well betwixt vs comethus Sir, or rather thus, come, Sir tis time I trowe that we both liu'd like one bodie,thus, and that both our sides were slit, and Concorporat with *Organs* fit to effect an indiuiduall passage euen for our very thoughts; suppose wee were one bodie now, and I charge you beleeue it; whereof I am the hart,and you the liuer.

*Cla.* Your Lordship might well make that diuision if you knew the plaine song.

*Mom.* O Sir, and why so I pray ?

*Cla.* First because the heart, is the more worthy entraile, being the first that is borne,and moues , and the last that moues, and dies; and then being the fountaine of heate too,for wheresoeuer our heate does not flowe directly from the hart to the other Organs,there,their action must of necessitie cease, and so without you I nether would nor could liue.

*Mom*

*Mom.* VVel Sir for these reasons I may be the heart, why may you be the liuer now?.

*Cla.* I am more then ashamde, to tell you that my *L*ord.

*Mom.* Nay nay be not too suspitious of my iudgemēt, in you I beseech you:asham'd friend? if your loue ouercome not that shame,a shame take that loue I saie. Come sir why may you be the liuer?

*Cla.* The plaine and short truth is(my *L*ord)because I am all liuer,and tournd louer.

*Mom.* *L*ouer?

*Cla* *L*ouer yfaith my *L*ord.

*Mom.* Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for ioy why thou wilt not now reviue the sociable mirth of thy sweete disposition?wilt thou shine in the world a new?and make those that haue sleighted thy loue, with the Austeritie of thy knowledge, doate on the againe with thy commaunding shaft of their humors?

*Cla.* A las my Lord they are all farre out of my aime; and onely to fit my selfe a little better to your friendshippe,haue I giuen these wilfull raygnes to my affections.

*Mom.* And yfaith is my sower friend to all worldlie desires ouertaken with the hart of the world? Loue I shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees euerie way a most rare woman that I know thy spirit,& iudgement hath chosen, is she wise?is she noble? is she capable of thy vertues?will she kisse this forehead with iudiciall lipps?where somuch iudgement & vertue deserues it? Come brother Twinn,be short I charge you,& name me the woman.

*Cla.* Since your *L*ordship will shorten the length of my follies relation, the woman that I so passionatelie loue,is no worse Ladie then your owne Neece, the too worthie Countesse *Eugenia.*

*Mom.* VVhy so,so,so, you are a worthie friend are you not to conceale this loue-mine in your head, and

Would not open it to your hart,now beshrow my hart,if my hart dance not for ioy tho my heeles do not,& they doe not, because I will not set that at my heeles that my frends sets at his hart,what?friend and Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confesse,but I wil preferre thee backwards (as many friends doe) & leaue their friends woorse then they found them,

*Cla.* But my noble *L*o. it is almost a prodegie, that I being onely a poore Gentleman and farre short of that state and wealth that a *L*adie of her greatnesse in both will expect in her husband.

*Mom.* Hold thy doubt friend, neuer feare any woman, vnlesse thy selfe be made of strawe, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning, *Audacitie* prospers aboue probabilitie in all worldlie matters, dost not thou knowe that Fortune gouernes them without order,and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile, why should a man desiring to aspire an vnreasonable creature which is a woman? seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes,because thy selfe buildes vppon reason, wilt thou looke for congruitie in a woman? why?there is not one woman amongst one thousand,but will speake false *L*atine, and breake *Priscians* head,attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing, I tell thee friend the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely wich-craft of this world, Spirits wrastling with spirits, as bodies? with bodies this were enough to make thee hope well,if she were one of these painted communities, that are rauisht with Coaches, and vpper hands, and braue men of durt: but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler,and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason euermore *Ad optima hortetur:* to like that which is best, not that which is brauest, or richest, or greatest, and so consequently worst, But proue what she can, we will turne her, and winde her, and

mak

make her so plyant that we will drawe her through a wedding ring yfaith.

*Cla.* Would to god we might my *L*ord.

*Mom.* Ile warrant thee friend.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* here is mistris *Winnyfred*;from my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your *L*ordshippe.

*Mom.* Marrie enter mistris *Winnifred* euen here I pray thee,from the *L*adie *Eugenia*,doe you heare friend?

*Cla.* Very easilie on that side my *L*ord.

*Mom.* *L*et me feele?does not thy heart pant apace, by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*,the field is yours sir God, and vppon a verie honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must euen trusse and to her:

*Enter Winnyfred.*

wittie mistris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman. I am sure this Gentleman thinkes his chamber the sweeter for your sweet presence.

*Win,* My absence shall thanke him my *L*ord.

*Mom.* VVhat rude Mistris *Winnifred*? nay faith you shall come to him,and kisse him,for his kindenesse.

*Win.* Nay good my *L*ord,Ile neuer goe to the market, for that ware I can haue it brought hõe to my dore.

*Mom.* O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

*Win.* So you may my *L*ord, but I knowe fewe *L*ords that thinke scorne to go to that market thẽselues.

*Mom.* To goe to it *Winnifred*,nay to ride to it yfaith.

*Win.* Thats more then I knowe my *L*ord.

*Mom.* Youle not belieue it then till you are a horse-backe,will ye? (heare it?

*Win.* Come,come,I am sent of a message to you wil you

*Mom.* Stoppe,stoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you haue audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith;this faire gentlewoman sir.

*Win.* Now we shall haue a fiction I beleiue.

*Mom.* Had three Suiters at once.

*Win.* Youle leaue out none my Lord.

*Mom,* No more did you *Winnifred* you enterferde with them all in truth.

*Win.* O Monstrous Lord by this light!

*Mom.* Now Sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not;vz. leaue out the two first, the third comming the third night for his turne.

*Win.* My Lord, my Lord, my Ladie does that, that no bodie else does, desires your companie and so fare you well.

*Mom.* O stay a little sweet *Winnifred*, helpe me but to trusse my pointes againe, and haue with you.

*Win.* Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather see your hose about your heeles,then I would helpe you to trusse a point.

*Mom.* O wittie *Winnifred*?for that Iest, take thy pasport,and tell thy Ladies thou leftst me with my hose about my heeles.

*Win.* Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow about your heeles,ere I come at you againe.*æxit.*

*Mom.* She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters; but is not this verie fit my sweete *Clarence*? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleep without me;but for thy company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning I will visit her earely;when doe thou but stand in that place, and thou maiest chance heare,(but art sure to see) in what subtill, and farre-fetcht manner Ile solicite her about thee.

*Cla* Thanks worthie Lord. *exeunt.*

*Finis. Actus Primis*

## ACTVS SECVNDI SÆNA PRIMA

*Clarence Solus.*

*Cla.* I That haue studied with world-skorning thoughts the waie of heauen, and how trew heauen is reacht To

To know how mightie, and how many are
The strange affections of inchaunted number
How to distinguish all the motions
Of the Celestiall bodies,and what powre
doth seperate in such forme this massie Rownd:
VVhat is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames ?
Footesteps,and Shadowes ? what Eternesses is
The world,and Time,and Generation ?
VVhat Soule, the worldes Soule is? what the blacke
And vnreueald Originall of Things, (Springes
VVhat their perseuerance? what is life and death,
And what our Certaine Restauration ?
Am with the staid-heads of this Time imployd
To watch withall my Nerues a Female shade.

*Enter Wynnefred, Anabell, with their sowing workes and sing : After their song Enter Lord Momford.*

*Mom.* VVitty Mistrisse *Wynnefred*, where is your Countesse I pray ?

*Wyn.* Faith your Lordship is bould enough to seeke her out, if she were at her vrinall ?

*Mom.* Then Sh'as done it seemes,for here she comes to saue mee that labour, away wenches, get you hence wenches. *Exeunt.*

*Eu.* VVhat, can you not abide my maides vnkle?

*Mom.* I neuer cood abide a maid in my life Neece,but either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead with a wet finger.

*Eu.* You loue to make your selfe worse then you are stil.

*Mom.* I know fewe mend in this world Madam, For the worse the better thought on, the better the worse spoken on euer amongst women.

*Eu.* I wonder where you haue binne all this while with your sentences.

*Mom,* Faith where I must be again presently. I cannot stay long with you my deere Neece.

*Eug.* By

*Eu.* By my faith but you shall my Lorde, Gods pittie what wil become of you shortly, that you driue maids afore you,& offer to leaue widowes behind you, as mankindelie, as if you had taken a surfet of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke?

*Mom.* Gods my life, She abuses her best vnkle; neuer trust mee if it were not a good reuenge to helpe her to the losse of her widowhead.

*Eu.* That were a reuenge and a halfe, indeed.

*Mom.* Nay twere but a whole reuenge Neece, but such a reuenge as woulde more then obserue the true rule of a reuenge.

*Eu.* I know your rule before you vtter it, *Vlciscere Inimico sed sine tuo incommodo.*

*Mom.* O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to bee a a scholler now, Learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or Luster in Diamants,which in no other Stone is so rich or refulgent

*Eug.* But say deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me?

*Mom.* VVhy alas Neece, y'are so smeard with this willfull-widdowes-three-yeeres blacke weede, that I neuer come to you,but I dreame of Courfes,and Sepulchres,and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore dew deere Neece .

*Eug.* Beshrew my hearte my Lorde, if you goe theis three houres.

*Mom.* Three houres ? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her chamber) with any Lady so neere alideto me, I am verie idle iafith; marie with such an other; I woulde daunce, one, two,three, foure, and fiue,tho it cost me tenne shillings; and now I am in, haue at it,my head must deuise something while my feet are pidling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend,who indeed is only a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his mind.

*Eug.* Come, Come, pray tell me vnckle, how does my cosen

cosen *Momford*?

*Mom.* VVhy, well, verie well Neece, & so is my friend *Clarence* well too, & then is there a worthie gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye. *He daunceih speaking*

*Eug.* But when did you see my Cosen?

*Mom.* And tis pittie but he should do well,and he shall do well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

*Eug.* VVhat meanes hee by this tro? your Lo: is verie dancitiue me thinkes.

*Mom.* I,and I could tel you a thing would make your Ladiship verie dancitiue, or else it were verie dunsatiue yfaith. O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moues the blockheded heart of a womã? & indeed any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the mind.

*Eug.* But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of a thing would make me dance say you?

*Mom.* VVel, farewell sweet Neece I must needs take my leaue in earnest.

*Eug.* Lord blesse vs,heres such a stir with your farewels.

*Mom.* I wil see you againe within these two or three dayes a my word Neece.

*Eug.* Gods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a maruailous strange humor. Sit downe sweet Vnckle, yfaith I haue to talke with you about greate matters.

*Mom.* Say then deere Neece, bee shorte vtter your mind quickly now.

*Eug.* But I pray tell me first, whats that would make me dauuce yfaith?

*Mom.* Daunce,what daunce? hetherto your dauncers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper,and Ierke, and Firke,and dandle the bodie aboue them,as it were their great childe; though the speciall Ierker bee aboue this place I hope, here lies that shudd fetch a perfect woman ouer the Coles yfaith.

*Eug.* Nay good Vnckle say whats the thing you could

could tel me of.

*Mom.* No matter, no matter : *B*ut let mee see a passing prosperous forehead of anexceeding happie distãce betwixt the eye browes; a cleere lightning eye;a temperate and freshe bloud in both the cheekes; excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

*Eug.* VVhy,how now Vnckle did you neuer see mee before?

*Mom.* Yes Neece;but the state of these thinges at this instant must bee specially obserued, and these outwarde signes being now in this cleere eleuation, showe your vntroubled mind is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a litle deere Neece.

*Eug.* This is excellent.

*Mom.* The Creses here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out;good. And the wart aboue it most exceeding good.Neuer trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the predictiõ of a most diuine fortune towards her; uow if shee haue the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

*Eug.* VVell my *L*orde, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discouerie, you may much pleasure mee, and whose concealement may hurt my estate. And if you bee no kinder then to see mee so indangered; ile bee very patient of it I assure you.

*Mom.*Nay then it must instantly foorth.This kind con iuration euen fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your Iudgment togeather, for here it comes.Neece; *Clarence Clarence*, rather my Soule then my friẽd *Clarence* of too substantiall a worth, to haue any figures cast about him, ( notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections)is with your vertues most extreamely in loue; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the world of you both.

*Vir*

*Non illo melior quisquam nec amantior æqui*
*Vir fuit, aut illa reuerentior vlla Dearum.*

*Eug.* Ay me poore Dame, O you amase me Vnckle,
Is this the wondrous fortune you presage ?
VVhat man may miserable women trust ?

*Mom.* O peace good Ladie, I come not to rauishe you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my motion : I perceiue (how vpon true triall) you esteeme me. Haue I ridd al this Circuite to leuie the powers of your Iudgment,that I might not prooue their strength too sodainly with so violent a charge : And doe they fight it out in white bloud. And showe me their hearts in the soft Christall of teares.

*Eug.* O vnckle you haue wounded your selfe in charging me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it woulde not weepe; I place the poore felicitie of this worlde in a woorthie friende, and to see him so vnworthely reuolted, I shedd not the teares of my *B*rayne,but the teares of my soule. And if euer nature made teares theffects of any worthie cause, I am sure I now shedde them worthelie.

*Mom.* Her sensuall powers are vp yfaith, I haue thrust her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes vacans* when her subiects are priueledged to libell against her, and her friends. But weeps my kind Neece for the wounds of my friendshippe ? and I toucht in friendship for wishing my friende doubled in her singular happinesse ?

*Eug.* How am I doubl'd ? when my honour,and good name, two essentiall parts of mee; woulde bee lesse, and lost?

*Mom.* In whose Iudgment ?

*Eug.* In the iudgment of the world.

*Mom.* Which is a fooles boult. *Nihil a virtute nec a viritate remotius quam Vulgaris opinio* : *B*ut my deare Neece,

it is most true that your honour and good name tendred as they are the species of truth are worthilie two essentiall parts of you;But as they consist only in ayrie titles and corrupteble blood (whose bitternes *sanitas et nonnobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternitie.And yet shal no nobilitie you haue in either,be impaired neither.

*Eu.* Not to marrie a poore gentleman?

*Mom.*Respect him not so; for as he is a gentleman he is noble;as he is welthilie furnished with true knowledge,he is rich and therein adorn'd with the exactest complements belonging to euerlasting noblenesse

*Eug.* Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke:Such kinde of noblenesse giues no cotes of honour nor can scarse gette a cote for necessitie

*Mom.*Then is it not substantiall knoweledge (as it is in him) but verball and fantasticall for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet.*

*Eug.* VVhy seekes he me then?

*Mom.* To make you ioynt partners with him in all thinges, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that vniuersall ioynture: The bignesse of this circle held too neer our eye keepes it frõ the whole Spheare of the Sunne; but could we sustaine it indifferently betwixt vs and it,it would then without checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

*Eug.* Good Vnckle be content for now shall I neuer dreame of contentment.

*Mom.* I haue more then done Ladie,and had rather haue suffer'd an alteration of my being then of your Iudgement; but (deere neece) for your owne honour sake repaire it instantly.

*Enter Hippolita. Penelope. Jack. Will.*

See heere comes the Ladies; make an Aprill day one deare loue and be sodainely cheerefull

full God saue you more then faire *L*adies, I am glad your come, for my busines will haue me gone pre-
875 sently.

*Hip.* VVhy my *L*ord *Momford* I say? wil you goe before dinner?

*Mom.* No remedie sweete *B*ewties, for which rudenesse I lay my hands thus lowe for your pardons:
880 *Pen.* O Courteous *L*ord *Momford!*

*Mom.* Neece? *Meus estquæ sola quietos.*
*Sola facit claros meutemque honoribus ornat.* *exit*

*Eug Verus honos Iuuat at mendax infamia terret.*

*Mon.* Mine owne deare nephew?
885 *Cla.* VVhat successe my Lord?

*Mom.* Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee all. *exeunt*

*Hip.* Doe you heare madam, how our youthes here haue guld our three suiters?
890 *Eug* not I *L*adie, I hope our suiters are no fit meat for our Pages.

*Pe.* No madam, but they are fit sawce for anie mans meat Ile warrant them.

*Eug.* VVhat's the matter *Hippolita*?
895 *Hp.* They haue sent the knightes to *Barnet* madam this frostie morning to meete vs their.

*Etug* I'st true youths, are knights fit subiects for your knaueries?

*Wil.* Pray pardon vs madam, we would be glad to
900 please anie body.

*Ia.* I indeed madam and we were sure we pleas'd thē highly to tell thē you were desirous of their companie.

*Hip.* O twas good *Eugenia*, their liuers were too hot, you know, and for temper sake they must needes haue
905 a cooling carde plaid vpon them.

*Wil.* And besides madam we wood haue them knowe that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe

then two leaues, haue more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

*Ia.* I faith *Will*, and putt their great pagicall index to them too.

*Hip.* But how will ye excuse your abuses wags ?

*Will* We doubt not madam, but if it please your Ladiship to put vp their abuses,

*Ia.* Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you may.

*Will* Wee shall make them gladly furnishe their pockets with them.

*Hip.* VVell, children, and foules, agree as you will, and let the world knowe now,women haue nothing to doe with you.

*Pe.* Come madam I thinke your dinner bee almost readie, *Enter Tales Kingcob.*

*Hip.* And see, here are two honorable guestes for you, the Lord *Tales*,and Sir *Cutberd Kingcob.*

*Ta.* Lacke you any guests madam ?

*Eu.* I my Lord such guests as you.

*Hip* Theres as common an answere, as yours was a question my Lord.

*King.* VVhy?al things shood be cõmon betwixt Lords, and Ladies you know.

*Pen.* Indeed Sir *Kutberd Cingcob*, I haue heard, you are either of the familie of Loue, or of no religion at all.

*Eug.* Hee may well be said to be of the family of Loue, he does so flowe in the loues of poore ouerthrowne Ladies.

*King.* You speake of that I wood doe madam, but in earnest, I am now suing for anewe mistres; looke in my hand sweet Ladie,and tell mee what fortune I shall haue with her.

*Eug.* Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd* ?

*King.* Pardon mee Madam, but I know you to bee learnd in all thinges.

*Eug.* Come on lets see.

*Hip.* He

*Hip.* He does you a speciall fauour *L*adie, to giue you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.

*King.* VVhat find you in it madam?

*Eug.* Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

*King.* VVhat now *L*adie?

*Eug.* Y'aue the worst hand that euer I saw knight haue, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shutt one can get nothing out ont.

*King.* The age of letting goe is past madam, wee must not now let goe, but strike vp mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

*Eug.* A good Cornish principle belieue it Sir *Cuthberd.*

*Tales* But I pray tell me *L*adie *Penelope*, how entertaine you the loue of my Cosen Sir *Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Pene.* Are the *Goosecaps* akin to you my Lord.

*Ta. E*uen in the first degree madam. And *S*ir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is composd of as many good parts as any knight in England.

*Hip,* He shood be put vp for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

*Pen.* Are you able to reckon his good parts my *L*ord?

*Ta.* Ile doe the best *I* can *L*adie, sirst, hee daunces as comely and lightly as any man, for vpon my honour, I haue seene him daunce vpon Egges, and a has not broken them.

*Pen.* Nor crackt them neither.

*Ta.* That I know not, indeed I wood bee loath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

*Eug.* VVell forth my *L*ord.

*Ta.* He has an excelēt skil in al maner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloues frō fortie pence, to forty Shillings a paire he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

*Hip.* A prettie sweet qualitie belieue me.

*Tales* Nay *L*adie hee will perfume you gloues him selfe; most dilicately, and giue them the right Spanish Titillation.

*Pene.* Titillation

Titillation whats that my *L*ord ?

*Tal.* VVhy *L*adie tis a pretty kinde of terme newe come vp in perfuming,which they call a Titillation.

*Hip.* Very well expounded my *L*ord; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

*Tal.* Hee is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle worke edgings, and French purles from an Angell to foure Angells a yearde.

*Eug.* Thats pretious ware indeed.

*Tal. H*e will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grewe in the verie place, and being a delicate perfumer, hee will giue it you his perfect and naturall sauor.

*Hip.* This is wonderful; forth sweet *L*ord *Tales.*

*Tal.* He will make you flyes and wormes, of all sortes most liuely, and is now working a whole bed embrodred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lightes a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

*Pene.* Neuer trust me if it be not incredible; forth my good *L*ord.

*Tal.* Hee is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles, and posset *C*uppes caru'd with *L*ibberdes faces, and *L*yons heades with spoutes in their mouthes,to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

*Eug.* Forth good *L*ord *Tales.*

*Pene.* Nay good my *L*ord no more, you haue spoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

*Hip.* I lay my life *Cupid* has shott my sister in loue with him out of your lipps my Lord.

*Eug.* VVel, come in my *L*ords, and take a bad dinner with me now, and wee will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the *L*ord,and *L*adie *Furnifall.*

*King.Tale.* VVe attend you honorable Ladies.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS

# ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Rudesby Goosecappe.*

*Rud. Bullaker.*

*Bul.* I Sir.

*Rud.* Ride and catch the Captaines horse.

*Bul.* So I doe Sir.

*Rud.* I wonder Sir *Gyles* you wood let him goe soe, and not ride after him.

*Goos.* VVood I might neuer be mortall Sir *Cutt*: if I ridd not aftter him, till my horse sweat,so that he had nere a drie thread on him,& hollod & hollod to him to stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood haue gon offwith hollowings;Ile be sworn to ye & yet he ran his way like a *Diogenes*,and would neuer stay for vs.

*Rud.* How shall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to London, now his horseis gone?

*Goos.* Why hee is but a lame Iade neither Sir *Moyle*, we shal soone our'take him I warrant ye.

*Rud.* And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay my life some Crabfishe has bitten thee by the tongue, thou speakest so backward still.

*Goos.* But heres all the doubt Sir *Cutt:* if nobodie shoold catch him now,when hee comes at London, some boy or other wood get vppe on him and ride him hotte into the water to washe him; Ile bee sworne I followed one that ridd my horse into the Thames, till I was vppe tooth knees hetherto; and if it had not beene for feare of going ouer shooes, because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood haue taught him to washe my horse when hee was hott yfath; *Enter* Foul.

how now sweet Captain dost feele any easein thy payne yet?

Eas

*Rud.* Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine I thinke, but wood any asse in the world ride downe such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and neuer light

*Foul.* Gods pretious Sir *Cutt.* your Frenchman neuer lights I tell ye.

*Goos.* Light Sir *Cutt*,Slight and I had my horse again, theres nere a paltrie English frost an them all shood make me light.

*Rud.* Goe too you French Zanies you, you wil follow the french steps so long,till you be not able to set one Sound Steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

*Goos.* Why Sir *Cut*: I care not if I be not sound so I be well, but we were iustly plaugde by this hill, for following women thus.

*Foul.* I and English women too sir *Giles.*

*Rud.* Thou art still prating against English women I haue seene none of the French dames I confesse, but your greatest gallants,for men in *Fraunce*, were here lately I am sure, and methinkes there should be no more difference betwixt our Ladies and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lordes and theirs,and our Lords are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtshippe, as they are beyond ours for phantasticallitie.

*Foul.* O Lord sir *Cut*, I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords tack for Courtshippe, and yet the french Lords put them downe, you noted it *sir Gyles.*

*Goos.* O God sir,I stud and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

*Rud.* How did they put them downe I pray thee?

*Foul.* Why for wit,and for Court-shippe Sir *Moile.*

*Foul.* As how good lefthandded *Francois.*

*Fou..* VVhy Sir when *Monsieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Ladie *Hippolita* as she sate in the presence, sitt downe here good Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*,hee kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most queint French *starte* in his speech of ah *bellissime*, I desire to die now saies hee for your

in his speech of ah *bellissime* I desire to die now saies he for your loue that I might be buried here.

*Rud.* A good pick-thacht complement by my faith; but I prethee what answer'd she.

*Foul.* She,I scorne to note that I hope then did he vie it againe with an other hah.

*Rud.* That was hah, hah, I wood haue put the third hah to it, if I had been as my mistris, and hah,hah,haht him out of the ptesence yfaith,

*Foul.* Hah saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *Fraunce*, they wood renewe all our ciuill-wars againe.

*Goose.* That was not so good me thinkes captaine.

*Rud.* Welliudgd yfaith,there was a little wit in that I must cõfesse,but she put him down far,& aũswered him with aquestiõ & that was whether he wood seem a louer or a iestter, if a louer a must tel her far more lykelier then those,or else she was far frõ belieuing thẽ,if a Iester, she cood haue much more ridiculous iests then his of twenty fooles that followed the court, and told him she had as lieue be courted with a brush faggot as with a frẽchman,that spẽt it selfe al in sparks,& would sooner-fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such fparkes were good enough yet to set thatcht dispositiõs a fire,but hers was tild with sleight, and respected thẽ as sleightly.

*Goos.* VVhy so Captaine,and yet you talke of your great frenchmen, to God little England had neuer knowne them I may say.

*Foul.* VVhat's the matter sir *Giles*, are you out of loue with frenchmen now of a sodaine.

*Goos.* Slydd captaine VVood not make one, Ile be sworne, Ile be sworne, they tooke away a mastie dogge of mine by commission now, I thinke on't makes my teares stand in my eyes with greefe, I had rather lost the dearest friend that euer I lay withal,in my life be this light,neuer stir if

if hee fought not with great *Sekerson* foure hours to one, oremoste take vp hindmoste,and tooke so many loaues from him, that hee sterud him presently : So at last the dogg cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe,and the beare being heauie with hunger you know, fell vppon the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge neuer stird more.

R *ud.* VVhy thou saist the frenchmen tooke him away.

*Goos.* Frenchmen,I,so they did too, but yet and hee had not bin kild, twood nere a greeud me.

F*oul.* O excellent vnitie of speach.

*Enter Will and Iacke at seuerall doores.*

*Will* Saue ye knights.

*Ia.* Saue you Captaine.

*Faul.* Pages, welcome my fine pages.

R*ud.* Welcome boyes.

*Goos.* VVelcome sweet *Will*, good *Iacke*.

*Foul.* But how chaunce you are so farre from *L*ondon now pages, is it not almost dinner time.

*Will* Yes indeed Sir,but we left our fellowes to wait for once,and cood not chuse in pure loue to your worships, but we must needs come and meet you, before you mett our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

*Omnes* A secrett, what secret I pray thee?

*Ia.* If euer your worships say any thing.we are vndone for euer.

*Omnes* Not for a world beleue it.

*Will* VVhy then this it is; wee ouerheard our *L*adies as they were talking in priuate say they refusde to meet you at *B*arnet this morning of purpose, because they wood try which of you were most patient.

*Ia.* And some said you,Sir *Gyles*, another you Sir and the third you Captaine,

*Om.* This was excellent.

*Will* Then did they sweare one another not to excuse themselues to you by any meanes, that they might trie you the better,now if they shal see you say nothing in the world

worlde to them, what may come of it, when Ladies begin to trie their suters once, I hope your wisedomes can iudge a little.

*Foul.* O ho my little knaue let vs alone now yfaith, wood I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

*Rud.* Faith and I can forbeare my Tongue as well as another I hope.

*Goos.* VVood I might be degraded if I speake a word, Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

*Foul.* Come knights shall we not reward the pages?

*Rud.* Yes I prethee doe, Sir *Gyles* giue the boyes something.

*Goos.* Neuer stirre Sir *Cutt*, if *I* haue euer a groat about me but one three pence.

*Foul.* VVell knights ile lay out fors all, here my fine pages.

*Will* No in deed ant please your worshippe.

*Foul.* O pages refuse a gentlemans bountie.

*Ia.* Crie you mercy Sir, thanke you sweete Captaine

*Foul.* And what other newes is stirring my fine villiacos.

*Will* Marrie Sir they are inuited to a greate supper to night to your Lords house Captaine, the Lord *Furnifall*, and there will bee your great cosen Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*, the Lorde *Tales*, and your vnckle Sir *Cutt*. *Rudesby*, Sir *Cutbert Kingcob*.

*Foul.* The Lord *Tales*, what countriman is hee?

*Ia.* A kentish Lord Sir, his auncestors came forth off Canterburie.

*Foul.* Out of Canterburie.

*Will* I indeed Sir the best *Tales* in England are your Canterburie *tales*, I assure ye.

*Rud.* the boy tels thee true Captaine.

*Ia.* Hee writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and hee being the tenth sonne his father had; his father Christned him *Decem Tales*, and so his whole name is the

*L*ord *Decem Tales.*

*Goos.* A my mortallitie the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

*Rud.* But is the *L*adie *Furnifall* (Captaine) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be.

*Foul.* Still of the same knight,and is neuer in any sociable vaine till she be typsie, for in her sobrietie shee is madd,and feares my good little old Lord out of all proportion.

*King.* And therefore as I hear he will earnestly inuite guestes to his house,of purpose to make his wife dronk, and then dotes on her humor most prophanely.

*Foul.* Tis very true knight; wee will suppe with them to night; and you shall see her; and now *I* thinke ont, ile tell you a thing knights, wherein perhaps you may exceedinly pleasure me.

*Goos.* VVhats that good Captain.

*Foul.* I am desirous to helpe my *L*ord to a good merrie Foole, & if I cood help him to a good merry one,he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

*Rud.* Sblood thou speakest to vs as if wee cood serue thy turne.

*Foul.* O *Fraunce* Sir *Cutt*: your Frenchman wood not haue taken me so for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merrie

*Rud.* As thou doost.

*Goos.* Nay good Sir *Cutt*: you know fooles doe come into your companies.

*Rud* I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

*Foul. B*eare with Choller Sir *Gyles.*

*Will.* But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine Sir.

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

*Ia.* You mean a wench,do you not Sir,a foolish wēch?

*Foul.* Nay I wood haue a man foole,for his Lord:page.

*Will* Does his *L*ord:loue a foole, so wel I pray.

*Foul.* Assure thy selfe page, my *L*ord loues a foole as

he loues himselfe.

*Ia.* Of what degree wood you haue your Foole Sir, for you may haue of all maner of degrees.

*Foul.* Faith I wood haue him a good Emphaticall foole, one that wood make my Lorde laugh well, and I carde not,

*Will* Laugh well (vm) then wee must know this Sir, is your Lorde Costiue of laughter, or laxatiue of laughter?

*Foul.* Nay he is good merrie little Lorde, and indeed something Laxatiue of Laughter.

*Will.* Why then Sir the lesse witt will serue his Lordships turne, marrie if he had bin Costiue of laughter, hee must haue had two or three drams of witt the more in his foole,for we must minister according to the quãtity of his Lord: humor you know, and if he shood haue as much Witt in his foole being Laxatiue of laughter, as if hee were Costiue of Laughter, why he might laugh himsele into an *Epilepsie*,and fall down dead sodainly,as many haue done with the extremitie of that passion;and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a foole.

*Foul.* Thart ith right my notable good page.

*Ia.* Why, and for that health Sir we will warrant his Lordship, that if he should haue all *Bacon de sanitate tuenda* reade to him, it shood not please his Lordship so well as our foole shall.

*Foul.* Remercy my more then English pages.

*Goos.* A my word I haue not seene pages haue so much witt, that haue neuer bin in Fraunce Captain.

*Foul.* Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almost french Elixers. will you helpe my Lord to a foole, so fitt for him as you say.

*Will* As fitt, Ile warrãt you Captain,as if he were made for him, and hee shall come this night to supper, and foole where his Lord sits at table.

*Foul.* Excellent fitt, faile not now my sweet pages.

*Ia.* Not

*Ia.* Not for a world sir, we will goe both,and seeke him presently.

*Foul.* Doe so my good wagges

*Wil.* Saue you knights.

*Ia.* Saue you Captaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Foul.* Farewell my prettie knaues,come knights,shall we resolue to goe to this Supper?

*Rud.* VVhat else.

*Goos.* And let's prouide torches for our men to sit at dore withall captaine.

*Foul.* That we will I warrant you sir *Giles.*

*Rud.* Torches?why the Moone will shine man.

*Goos.* The moone Sir *Cut*: I scorne the moone yfaith, Slydd sometimes a man shal not get her to shine & if he wood giue her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be white too, God for giue me I cud neuer abide her since yesterday,she seru'de me such a trick tother night.

*Rud.* VVhat trick sir *Gyles*?

*Goos.* VVhy sir *Cut:* cause the daies be mortall and short now you knowe, and I loue daie light well;I thought it went a waie faster then it needed, and run after it into *Finsburie*-fieldes ith calme euening to see the winde-mils goe¿ & euen as I was going ouer a ditch the moone by this light of purpose runnes me behind a cloud,and lets me fall into the ditch by heauen.

*Rud.* That was ill done in her in deed sir *Giles.*

*Goos.* Ill done sir *Cut:* Slydd a man may beare, and beare,but and she haue noe more good manners, but to make euery black slouenly cloude a pearle in her eye I shall nere loue English moone againe, while I liue I le besworne to ye.

*Foul.* come knights to London horse,horse, horse .

*Rud.* In what a case he is with the poore English moone,because the french moones( their torches ) wil-

be

be the lesse in fashion, and I warrant you the Captaine will remember it too, tho hee say nothing, hee seconds his resolute chase so and followes him, Ile lay my life you shall see them the next cold night, shut the mooneshine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doores all night. I discredit my witt with their companies now I thinke on't, plague a god on them; Ile fall a beating on them presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lorde Momford and Clarence.*
*Clarence Horatio.*

*Cla.* Sing good *Horatio*, while I sigh and write.
According to my master *Platos* minde
The Soule is musick, and doth therefore ioy
In accents musicall, which he that hates
VVith points of discorde is togeather tyed
And barkes at *Reason*, Consonant in sence.
Diuine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme
Of musicke and of *Reason*, and presents
The Soule exempt from flesh in flesh inflam'd,
Who must not loue hir then, that loues his soule ?
To her I write, my friend, the starre of friends
VVil needs haue my strange lines greet her strange eies
And for his sake ile powre my poore Soule forth
In floods of Inke; but did not his kind hand
Barre me with violent grace, I wood consume.
In the white flames of her impassionate Loue
Ere my harsh lipps shood vent the odorous blaze.
For I am desperate of all worldly Ioyes
And there was neuer man so harsh to men,
VVhen I am fullest of digested life
I seeme a liuelesse *Embrion* to all
Each day rackt vp in nightlike Funerall.
Sing good *Horatio*, whilst I sigh and write.

*Canto.*

*The*

*The Letter.*

*Suffer him to loue that suffers not louing, my loue is without passion and therefore free from alter ation.*

Prose is too harsh,and verse is poetri e
VVhy shood I write then?merrit clad in Inke
Is but a mourner,and as good as naked
I will not write my friend shall speake for me
Sing one staue more my good *Horatio*.

*Canto.*

I must remember I knowe whom I loue,
A dame of learning,and of life exemt
From all the Idle fancies of her sex,
And this that to an other dame wood seeme
Perplext and foulded in a rudelesse vaile
Wilbe more cleere then ballads to her eye
Ile write,if but to satisfie my friend.
Your third stauce sweet *Horatio* and no more.

*Canto.*

How vainely doe I offer my strange loue?
I marrie, and bid states,and entertaine
*L*adies with tales and iests,and *L*ords with newes
And keepe a house to feast *Acteons* hounds
That eate their maister,and let ydell guests
Drawe me from serious search of things diuine
To bid them sit,and welcome,and take care
To sooth their pal ats with choyce kytchin-stuff
As all must doe that marrie and keepe house
And then looke on the left sid of my yoake
Or on the right perhaps and see my wife
Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me
Busied to starch her french purles,and her puffs
When I am in my *Anima reflexa*
*quid sit fælicitas,quæ origo rerum?*
And make these beings that are knowne to be
The onely serious obiects of true men
Seeme shadowes,with substantiall stir she keepes
About her shadowes,which if husbands loue

the

They must belieue, and thus my other selfe
*B*rings me another bodie to dispose
That haue alreadie much too much of one,
And must not looke for any *S*oule of her
To helpe two rule to bodies.
*Mom.* Fie for shame.
I neuer heard of such an antedame.
Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?
VVhy friend they either are mens soules themselues
Or the most wittie Imitatrixes of them
Or prettiest sweet apes of humaine Soules,
That euer Nature fram'd; as I will proue.
For first they be *Substantiæ lucidæ*
And purer then mens bodies like their soules,
VVhich mens harsh haires both of their brest & chinne
Occasiond by their grose and ruder heate
Plainely demonstrates : Then like soules they doe,
*Mouere corpora*, for no power on earth
Moues a mans bodie, as a woman does!
Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*
Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:
For but for women, who wood care for formes ?
I vowe I neuer wood washe face,nor hands
Nor care how ragg'd,or slouenlie I went
VVer't not for women,who of all mens pompes
Are the true finall causes : Then they make
Men in their Seedes imortall like their Soules
That els wood perish in a spanne of time.
Oh they be *S*oulelike-Creatures,and my Neece
The Soule of twentie rare *S*oules stild in one.
*Cla.*That,that it is my Lord,that makes me loue.
*Mom.*Oh are ye come Sir,welcome to my Neece
As I may say at midnight gentle friend
What haue you wrott I pray ?
*Cla.* Strange stuffe my *L*ord.
*Mom.* Indeed the way to belieue is to loue
And the right way to loue is to belieue,

*He reads and comments.*

This I will carry now with pen and Incke
For her to vse in answere, see, sweet friend
She shall not stay to call, but while the steele
Of her affection is made softe and hott,
Ile strike and take occasion by the browe.
Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing. *Exit.*
*Cla.* Had euer man so true, and noble friend?
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire
To all true honour and iudiciall loue
VVood suffer such a florishing pyne in both
To ouerlooke the boxe-trees of this time?
VVhen the learnd mind hath by impulsion wrought
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame.
No elementall smoke can darken it
Nor Northen coldnes nyppe her *Daphnean* flower,
O sacred friendshippe thanks to thy kind power
That being retir'd from all thefaithles worlde
Appearst to me in my vnworldly friend,
And for thine owne sake let his noble mind
By mouing presedent to all his kind
(*Like* iust *Deucalion*) of earths stonie bones
Repaire the world with humane bloud and flesh
And dying vertue with new life refresh. *Exit.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS.

*Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolita, Penelope, Winnifred.*

*King.* Tis time to leaue your Chests Ladies tis too studious an exercise after dinner.

*Tal.* Why is it cal'd Chests?

*Hip.* Because they leane vppon their Chests that play at it.

*Tal* I wood haue it cald the strife of wittes, for tis a game so wittie, that with strife for maisterie, wee hunt it eagerly.

*Eug.* Specially

*Eug* Specially where the wit of the *Goosecaps* are in chase my *L*ord.

*Tal.* I am a *Goosecappe* by the mothers side madam, at least my mother was a *Goosecappe*.

*Pen.* And you were her white sonne, I warrant my Lord.

*Tal.* I was the yongest *L*adie, and therefore must be her white sonne ye know, the youngest of tenne I was.

*Hip.* And the wisest of Fifteene.

*Tal.* And sweet *L*adie will ye cast a kind eye now vpon my Cosin, Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*.

*Pen.* Pardon my *L*ord I haue neuer a spare eye to cast away I assure ye.

*Tal.* I wonder you shood Count it cast away *L*adie vppon him, doe you remember those fewe of his good partes I rehearst to you.

*Pen.* Verie perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in England, pray lets see some of his worke ?

*Hip.* Sweet *L*ord lets see him sowe a little.

*Tal.* You shall a mine honour Ladie.

*Eug.* Hees a goodly greate knight indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettelie.

*King.* From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle, he shall play with any knight in England Ladie.

*Eug.* *B*ut not *è conuerso*, from the Spanish needle to the Spanish pike.

K*ing.* I thinke he be too wise for that indeed madam, for he has 20. miles length in land lies togeather, and hee wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a pike.

*Hip.* But no man commends my blount Seruant Sir *Cutt*: *Rudesby* methinks.

*King.* Hee is a kind gentleman *L*adie though hee bee blunt, and is of this humor, the more you presume vppon him without Ceremonie, the more

he loues you, if he knowe you thinke him kinde once and will say nothing but still vse him, you may melt him into any kindenesse you will; he is right like a woman, and had rather, you shood bluntlie take the greatest fauour you can of him, then shamefastly intreat it.

*Eug* He saies wel to you *Hippolita.*

*Hip* I madam, but they saie, he will beat one in Iest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffes in Courtshippe.

*King.* Some that he makes sport withall perhappes, but none that he respects I assureye.

*Hip.* And wha'ts his liuing sir *Cutbeard?*

*King.* Some two thousand a yeare *L*adie.

*Hip.* I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I stand not vpon liuing.

*King* O Good *L*adiewho can liue without liuing?

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom* Still heere *L*ordings? good companions yfaith, I see you come not for vittles.

*Tal.* Vittles, my Lord, I hope we haue vittles at home.

*Mom.* I but sweet *L*ord, there is a principle in the Polititians phisicke, Eat not your meat vpon other mens trenchers, & beware of surfits of your owne coste manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire *L*adie Feeres?

*Eug.* VVhat winde blowes you hether troe?

*Mom.* Harke you madam, the sweete gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper sayle blowes me hether.

*Eug.* Aye me stil, in that humor? beshrowe my hart if I take anie Papers from him.

*Mom.* Kinde bosome doe thou take it then.

*Eug.* Nay

*Eug.* Nay then neuer trust me.

*Mom.* Let it fall then,or cast it awaie you were best, that euerie bodie may discouer your loue suits, doe; theres sombodie neare if you note it,and how haue you spent the time since dinner nobles?

*King.* At chests my Lords,

*Mom.* Read it neece.

*Eug.* Heere beare it backe I pray.

*Mom.* I beare you on my backe to heare you;and how play the Ladies sir *Cuthbert*,what men doe they play best withall, with knights or rookes?

*Tal.* With knights my Lord.

*Mom.* T'is pitty their boord is no broader,and that some men caled guls are not added to their game

*King.* Why my Lo:it needs not,they make the knights guls.

*Mom* Thats pretty sir *Cuthbert*; you haue begon I know Neece,forth I commaund you.

*Eug.* O yare a sweete vnckle.

*Mom.* I haue brought her a little *Greeke*,to helpe me out withal,and shees so coy of her learning for sooth she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies, I inuite you al to supper to night,and you shal not denie me.

*All.* VVe will attend your Lordshippe.

*Tal.* Come Ladies let's into the gallerie a little.

*exeunt*

*Mom.* And now what saies mine owne deare neece yfaith?

*Eug.* VVhat shood she saie to the backside of a paper.

*Mom.* Come,come,I knowe you haue byn a'the bellie side.

*Eug.* Now was there euer Lord so prodigall, of his owne honor'd blood,and dignity?

*Mom.* Away with these same horse faire alligations, will you answere the letter?

*Eug.*Gods my life you goe like a cuning spokes man,

man

man,answere vnckle?what doe ye thinke me desperate of a husband

*Mom.* Not so neece,but carelesse of your poore vnkle.

*Eug.*. I will not write that's certaine.

*Mom.* VVhat wil you haue my friend and I perrish, doe you thirst our bloods?

*Eug.* O yare in a mightie danger noe doubt on't.

*Mom.* If you haue our bloods beware our ghostes I can tell ye,come will ye write?

*Eug.* I will not write yfaith.

*Mom.* yfaith dame, then I must be your secretarie I see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate and Ile write.

*Eug.* If you write no otherwise then I dictate, it will scarce proue a kinde answere I beleeue.

*Mom.* But you will be aduis'de *I* trust. Secretaries are of counsaile with their countesses, thus it begins. Suffer him to loue,that suffers not louing,what answere you to that?

*Eug.* He loues extreamely that suffers not in loue.

*Mom.* He answeres you for that presentlie, his loue is without passion,and therefore free from alteration, for *Pati* you know is in *Alterationem labi*; he loues you in his soule he tels you, wherein there is no passion,saie dame what answere you.

*Eug.* Nay if I answere anie thing.

*Mom.* VVhy?verie well,ile answere for you.

*Eug.* You answere?shall I set my hand to your answere?

*Mom.* I by my faith shall ye.

*Eug.* By my faith,but you shal answere as I wood haue you then.

*Mom.* Alwaies put in with aduice of your secretarie, neece, come,what answere you?

*Eug.* Since

*Eug.* Since you needes will haue my Answere, Ile Answere briefely to the first, and last part of his letter.

*Mom.* Doe so Neece, and leaue the midst for himselfe a gods name, what is your answeare?

*Eug.* I cannot but suffer you to loue, if you do loue.

*Mom.* Why very good, there it is, and will requit your loue; say you so ? *He writes and she dictates.*

*Eug.* Beshrowe my lipps then my Lord.

*Mom.* Beshrowe my fingers but you shall; what, you may promise to requite his loue, and yet not promise him marriage I hope; wel, and will requite your loue.

*Eug.* Nay good my Lord hold your hand, for ile bee sworne, ile not set my hand too't.

*Mom* VVell hold of your hand good madam till it shood come on, Ile be readie for it anon, I warrant ye: now forth; my Loue is without passion, and therefore free from alteration, what answere you to that madam?

*Eug.* Euen this my Lorde, your Loue being mentall, needes no bodely Requitall.

*Mom.* I am Content with that, and here it is; but in hart.

*Eug.* VVhat but in hart ?

*Mom.* Hold of your hand yet I say, I doe embrace and repaie it,

*Eug.* You may write vnckle, but if you get my hand to it,

*Mom.* Alas Neece this is nothing, ist any thing to a bodely marriage, to say you loue a mā in Soule if your harts agree and your bodies meetnot? simple marriarge rites, now let vs foorth: hee is in the way to felicitie, and desires your hand.

*Eug.* My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie.

*Mom.* Very good, may not any woman say this now. Conclud now sweet Neece.

*Eug.* And so God prosper your Iourney.

*Mom.* Charitably concluded, though farre short of that loue I wood haue showen to any friend of yours

Neece

Neece I sweare to you, your hand now, andlet this little stay his appetite.

*Eug.* Read what you haue writ my Lord.

*Mom.* What needs that madam, you remember it I am sure.

*Eug.* Well if it want sence in the Composition, let my secretarie be blam'd for't, theirs my hand.

*Mom.* Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

*Eug.* VVhy now, more then before I pray?

*Mom.* That you shall see straite, I cannot but suffer you to loue if you doe loue and wil requite your loue.

*Eug.* Remember that requitall was of your own putning it, but it shal be after my fashion I warrant ye.

*Mom.* Interrupt me no more, your loue being mentoll needs no bodely requital, but in hart I embrace & repay it; my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie, and my selfe knit with you in the bandes of marriage euer walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our iourney :

*Eugenia.*

*Eug.* Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

*Mom.* By my life but it is Neece.

*Eug.* By my life but tis none of my deed then.

*Mom.* Doe you vse to set your hand to that which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too :

*Eug.* VVh, ythis is plaine dishonoured deceit.
Does all your truest kindnes end in lawe ?

*Mom.* Haue patience Neece, for what so ere I say
Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free loue
Shall ioyne my friend and thee, or naught at al,
By my friends loue, and by this kisse it shall.

*Eug.* VVhy, thus did false *Accontius* snare *Cydippe.*

*Mom.* Indeed deere loue his wile was something like
And then tis no vnheard-of trecherie
That was enacted in a goddes Eye,
*Accontius* worthie loue feard not *Diana*

Before

*B*efore whome he contriu'de this sweete deceite
*Eug.* VVel there you haue my hand,but ile besworne
I neuer did thing so against my will.
*Mom.* T'will proue the better madam,doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your blood,
Rais'de with my motion bold and opposite
Deere neece suppe with me,and refresh your spirites:
I haue inuited your companions
VVith the two guests that dinde with you to daie,
And will send for the old Lord *Furnifall*
The Captaines and his mates and (tho at night)
VVe will be merrie as the morning *Larke.*
*Eug.* No,no my Lord,you will haue *Clarence* there.
*Mom.* A las poore gentleman I must tell you now
Hees extreame sicke,and was so when he writt
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so;
And for the world he cannot come abroade.
*Eug.* Is this the man that without passion loues
*Mom.* I doe not tell you he is sicke with loue;
Or if he be tis wilfull passion.
VVhich he doth choose to suffer for your sake
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,
Vppon my life he will not trouble you;
And therefore worthie neece faile not to come.
*Eug.* I will on that condition.
*Mom.* Tis perform'd:for were my friend well and
cood comfort me; I wood not now intreate your companie, but one of you I must haue, or *I* die,oh such a friend is worth a monarchie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Furnifall.Rudsbie.Goosecappe.Fowlweather.Bullaker.*

*Fur.* Nay my gallants I will tell you more.
*All.*Forth good my Lord.
*Fur.* The euening came and then our waxen stars
Sparkled about the heauenly court of Fraunce.
VVhen I then young and readiant as the sunne

Gaue luster to those lampes, and curling thus
My golden foretoppe, stept into the presence,
Where set with other princely dames I found
The Countesse of *Lancalier* and her neece
VVho as I told you cast so fix'd an eye
On my behauiours talking with the king:
*All* True my good *L*ord.
F*ur*. They rose when I came in, and all the lights
Burnd dim for shame, when I stood vp and shind.
F*oul*. O most passionate description *S*ir *Cutt*:
*Rud*. True of a candles end.
*Goos*. The passingst description of a candle,that euer liu'd Sir *Cutt:*
F*ur*. Yet aymd I not at them, nor seemd to note
VVhat grace they did me,but found courtly cause
To talke with an accomplisht gentleman
New come from Italie,in quest of newes
I spake Italian with him.
R*ud*. What so young ?
F*ur*. *O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.*
F*oul*.Slidd,a cood speake it knight,at three yeare old.
F*ur*. Nay gentle Captaine doe not set me forth
I loue in not, in truth I loue it not.
F*oul*. Slight my Lord but truth is truth you know.
*Goos*. I dare ensure your *L*ordship, Truth is truth, &
I haue heard in Fraunce, they speake French as well,
as their mother tongue my *L*ord.
F*ur*. VVhy tis their mother tonge my noble knight
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note
The *L*adies notes of me, but held my talke,
with that Italionate Frenchman, and tooke time
(Still as our conference seru'd) to shew my Courtship
In the three quarter legge,and setled looke,
The quick kisse of the toppe of the forefinger
And other such exploytes of good Accost;
All which the *L*adies tooke into their eyes
VVith such attention that their fauours swarm'de:

About

About my bosome, in my hatt,mine eares,
In skarffes about my thighes,vpon mine armes
Thicke on my wrystes, and thicker on my hands,
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.
All this I tell to this notorious end,
That you may vse your Courtship with lesse care
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike
A goodly Sammon,with a little line
VVe doe not tugge to hale her vp by force
For then our line wood breake,and our hooke lost;
But let her carelesse play alongst the streame
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

*Foul* A my life a most rich comparison.

*Goos.* Neuer stirre, if it bee not a richer Caparison, then my *L*orde my *C*osine wore at tilt, for that was brodred with nothing but mooneshine ith the water, and this has Sãmons in't; by heauen a most edible Caparisõ.

*Ru.* Odious thou woodst say,for Cõparisõs are odious.

*Foul.* So they are indeede sir *Cut* all but my Lords.

*Goos.* Bee Caparisons odious Sir *Cutt:* what like flowers ?

R*ud.* O asse they be odorous.

*Goos.* A botts athat stincking worde odorous, I can neuer hitt on't.

*Fur.* And how like you my Court-counsaile gallãts ha?

*Foul.* Out of all proportion excellent my *L*ord:& beleeue it for *E*mphaticall Courtship,your Lordship puts downe all the *L*ords of the Court.

*Fur.* No good *C*aptaine no. (Courtship.

*Foul.* *B*y Fraunce you doe my *L*ordfor Emphaticall

*Fur.* Eor Emphaticall *C*ourtship indeed I can doe somewhat.

*Foul.* Then does your merrie entertainment become you so festifally, that you haue all the brauerie of a Saint *Georges* day about ye when you vse it.

*Fur.* Nay thats too much in sadnes Captaine.

*Goos.* O good my *L*ord,let him prayse you,what so ere

it costs your Lordshippe.

*Foul.* I assure your Lordshippe your merrie behauiour does so festifaliy showe vpon you, that euery high holliday when Ladies wood bee most bewtifull; euery one wishes to God shee were turnd into such a little Lord as you,when y'are merrie.

*Goos.* By this fire they doe my Lord, I haue heard am.

*Fur.* Marrie God forbid knight they shood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them amine honor.

*Foul.* Then for your Lordships quippes,& quick iests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them a my vertue

*Fur.* Well,well,well,I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more,good Captaine, Tha'st an excellent witt, and thou shalt haue Crownes amine honour, and now knights and Captain, the foole you told me off,do you al know him.

*Goos.* I know him best my Lord.

*Fur.* Doe you Sir *Gyles*, to him then good knight, & be here with him,and here,and here,and here againe; I meane haint him vnto vs Sir *Gyles*,paint him liuely,liuely now,mygood knightly boy.

*Goos.* Why my good Lord?hee will nere be long from vs, because we are all mortall you know.

*Fur.* Verie true,

*Goos.* And as soone as euer wee goe to dinner, and supper togeather,

*Rud.* Dinner and supper togeather, whens that troe ?

*Goos.* A will come you in amongst vs, with his Cloake buttond,loose vnder his chinne.

*Rud.* Buttond loose my Lord?

*Goos.* I me Lord buttond loose still,and both the flaps cast ouer before, both his shoulders afore him.

*Rud.* Both shouldiers afore him ?

*Fur.* From before him hee meanes ; forth good Sir *Gyles.*

*Goos.* Like a potentate My Lord ?

*Rud.* Much like a Potentate indeed.

*Goos.* For all the worldlike a Potentate S.*Cut*: ye know.

*Rud.* So

*Rud*, So Sir.

*Goos.* All his beard nothing but haire.

*Cud.* Or something else.

*Goos.* Or something else as you say.

*Foul.* Excellent good.

*Goos.* His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Or rrenges alwaies in an vncleane hand kerchiffe very cleanely I warrant you my *L*ord.

*Fur.* A good neate foole Sir *Gyles* of mine honour.

*Goos.* Then his fine words that hee sets them in, concaticall, a fine Annisseede wenche foole vppon ticket and so forth.

*Fur.* Passing strange wordes belieue me,

*Goos.* Knoth euery man at the table, though he neuer saw him before, by sight and then will he foole you so finely my *L*orde, that hee will make your hart ake, till your eyes runne ouer.

*Fur.* The best that euer I heard, gray mercy good knight for thy merrie description, Captaine, I giue thee twentie companies of commendations, neuer to bee casheird.

*Enter Iacke and Will on the other side.*

*Am.* Saue your *L*ordship.

*Fur.* My prettie cast of *Merlins*, what prophecies with your little maistershippes?

*Ia.* Things that cannot come to passe my *L*ord, the worse our fortunes.

*Foul.* Why whats the matter pages *?*

*Rud.* How now my *L*adies foysting hounds.

*Goos.* M.*Iack*, M.*Iacke*; how do ye M.*William*, frolick ?

*Will* Not so frolicke, as you left vs *Sir Gyles.*

*Fur.* VVhy wags, what news bring you a Gods name.

*Ia.* Heauie newes indeed my Lord, pray pardone vs.

*Fur.* Heauie newes ? not possible your little bodies cood bring am then, vnload those your heauie newes I beseech ye *?*

*Will.* VVhy my Lord, the foole we tooke for your *L*ord: is thought too wise for you, and we dare not presēt him,

*Goos.* Slidd

*Goos.* Slydd pages, youle not cheates of our foole wil ye?

*Ia.* VVhy sir *Giles*, hees too dogged and bitter for you in truth, we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the world laugh at vs.

*Will.* I indeed sir *Giles*, and he knowes you so wel too

*Giles* Knowe me ? slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

*Ja.* Faith he begs you to be content sir *Giles*, for he wil not come.

*Goos.* Begg me? slight I wood I had knowne that, tother daie, I thought I had met him in Paules, & he had byn anie body else but a piller, I wood haue runne him through by heauen, beg me?

*Foul.* He begges you to be content sir *Giles*, that is, he praies you.

*Goos.* O does he praise me, then I commend him.

*Fur.* Let this vnsutable foole goe sir *Giles*, we will make shift without him.

*Goos.* That we wil a my word my Lord, and haue him too for all this.

*Wil.* Doe not you say so sir *Giles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

*Goos.* Dead? Slight that cannot be man, I knowe he wood ha writ to me ont had byn so.

*Fur.* Quick or dead let him goe sir *Giles*.

*Ia.* I my Lord, for we haue better newes for you to harken after.

*Fur.* what are they my good Nouations?

*Ia.* My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lorship and these knights and captaine to accompany the countesse *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies at his house at supper to night.

*Wil.* All desiring your Lo: to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

*Fur.* VVithall my hart wagges, and theirs amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a'the last, a'the tainters, and pricke vp your selues for the Ladies.

*Goose.* O

*Goos.* O braue sir *Cut* come lets prick vp the *L*adies :
*Fur.* And wil not the knights two noble kinsemē be there?
*Ia.* Both will be their my *L*ord.
*Fur.* VVhy theres the whole knot of vs then, and there shall wee knocke vppe the whole triplicitie of your nuptials.
*Goos.* Ile make my Lord my Cosin speake for me.
*Foul.* And your *L*ordship will be for me I hope.
*Fur.* VVith tooth and naile *C*aptaine, A my Lord.
*Rud.* Hang am Tytts ile pommell my selfe into am.
*Ia.* Your *L*o: your Cosin *S*ir *Gyles* has promist the *L*adies they shall see you sowe.
*Goos.* Gods mee, wood I might neuer be mortall if I doe not carry my worke with me.
*Fur.* Doe so Sir *Gyles*, and withall vse meanes
To taint their high blouds with the shafte of Loue,
Sometimes a fingers motion woundes their minds;
A iest, a Iesture, or a prettie laugh.
A voyce, a present, ah, things done ith nick
VVound deepe,and sure, and let flie your gold
And we shall nuptialls haue, hold belly hold.
*Goos.* O rare Sir *Cutt:* we shall eate nut-shells.
hold belly hold *Exeunt.*
*Ia.* O pittifull knight,that koowes not nuptialls from nutshells.
*Will.* And now *Comme porte vous monsieur* ?
*Bull Porte bien vous remercy.*
*Ia.* VVe may see it indeed Sir, & you shall goe afore with vs.
*Bul.* No good *monsieurs.*
*Will:* Another Crashe in my *L*adies Celler yfaith *monsieur.*
*Bul.* R*emercy de bon ceur monsieurs.*
*Exeunt.*
*Enter*

*Enter Clarence Momford.* (beames

*Mom.* How now my friend does not the knowing
That through thy cõmon sence glaũce throughthy eyes
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire
And warme thy heart with a tryumphant fire ?
*Mom.* My Lord I feele a treble happines
Mix in one soule,which proues how eminent
Things endlesse are aboue things temporall,
That are in bodies needefully confin'de;
I cannot suffer their dementions pierst
VVhere my immortall part admits expansure
Euen to the comprehension of two more
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. (friend?
*Mom.* As how my strange, and riddle-speaking
*Cla.* As thus my Lord,I feele my owne minds ioy
As it is separate from all other powers,
And then the mixture of an other soule
Ioyn'de in direction to one end,like it,
And thirdly the contentment I enioy,
As we are ioynd that I shall worke that good
In such a noble spirit as your neece,
VVhich in my selfe I feele for absolute;
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content
VVhen in an others vse they giue it vent.
*Mom.* Said like my friend,and that I may not wrong
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,
Then that which showe presents to thy conceits,
In working thee a wife worse then she seemes;
Ile tell thee plaine a secret which I knowe.
My neece doth vse to paint herselfe with white
VVhose cheekes are naturally mixt with redd
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moues most:
Or of an answereable nice affect
To other of her modest qualities;
Because she wood not with the outward blaze
Of tempting bewtie tangle wanton eies;
And so be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich

VVhich construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne
That thy free comment may examine it,
As willinger to tell truth of my neece,
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.
*Cla.* A ielous part of friendshippe you vnfold;
For was it euer seene that any dame
Wood chainge of choice a well mixt white and redd
For bloodles palenes, if she striu'd to moue ?
He painting then is to shunn motion,
But if she mended some defect with it
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments ;
(Which to supplie bare nature) Ladies weare ?
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;
(If Nature made vs either lame or sick,)
VVe wood not seeke for sound lymmes, or for health
By Art the Rector of confused Nature ?
So in a face if Nature be made lame
Then Art can make it, is it more offence
To helpe her want there then in other limmes ?
Who can giue instance where dames faces lost
The priuiledge their other parts may boast.
*Mom.* But our most Court receiued Poets saies
That painting is pure chastities abator.
*Cla.* That was to make vp a poore rime to Nature.
And farre from any Iudgment it confered
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes
And if inchastitie possesse the hart;
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare
Doth painting spot it,
*Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.*
For outward fairenes beares the diuine forme,
And moues beholders to the Act of loue;
And that which moues to loue is to be wisht
And eche thing simplie to be wisht is good.
So I conclude mere painting of the face
A lawfull and a commendable grace.
*Mom.* VVhat paradox dost thou defend in this

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see
Thy speach is farr exempt from flatterie,
And how illiterate custome groslie erres?
Almost in all traditions she preferres.
Since then the doubt I put thee of my neece,
Checks not thy doubtlesse loue, forth my deare friend,
And to all force to those impressions,
That now haue caru'd her phantasie with loue,
I haue invited her to supper heere.
And told her thou art most extreamelie sick.
VVhich thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill,
*Cla*: VVhich is exceeding smale to counterfeit,
*Mom.* Practise a little,loue will teach it thee,
And then shall doctor *Versey* the phisitian,
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house.
VVith whome as thou confer'st of thy disease,
Ile bring my neece withall the Lords and Ladies.
VVithin your hearing vnder fain'd pretext,
To shew the pictures that hang neere thy chamber,
VVhere when thou hearst my voyce,know she is there.
And therefore speske that which may stir her thoughts,
And make her flie into thy opened armes.
Ladies whome true worth cannot moue to ruth
Trew louers must deceue to shew their truth *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## ACTVS QVINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesbie, Goosecap, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolita, Penelope, Winnifred.*

*Mom.* VVhere is Sir *Gyles Goosecappe* here?
*Goos.* Here my Lord.
*Mom.* Come forward knight t'is you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honor.

*Goos.* A

*Goos:* A little at once my *L*orde for Idlenes sake.

*Fur:* Sir *Cut*, I say,to her captaine.

*Penel:* Come good seruant let's see what you
2045 worke.

*Goos:* VVhy looke you mistris *I* am makeing a fine drie sea,full of fishe,playing in the bottome, & here ile let in the water so liuely,that you shall heare it rore.

*Eug:* Not heare it Sir *Giles*.

2050 *Goos.* Yes in sooth madam with your eyes.

*Tal:* I *L*adie;for when a thing is done so exceedeingly to the life,as my knightlie cosen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone,and therefore the eare seemes to take
2055 part with it.

*Hip:* That's a verie good reason my Lord.

*Mom.* VVhat a Iest it is,to heare how seriouslie he striues to make his foolish uinsmans answeres wise ones.

2060 *Pen:* VVhat shall this be seruant?

*Goos:* This shall be a great whale mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge hils of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him mistris,for he shalbe silke and gould, he shall
2065 doe you noe harme, and he be nere so liuely.

*Pen.* Thanke you good seruant.

*Tal:* Dòe not thinke *L*adie,but he had need tell you this a forehand for a mine honor, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so liuely,that at the first sight I started
2070 at it.

*Mom.* The monster *Caucasus* my *L*ord? *Caucasus* is a mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

*Tal:* *Cacus* indeede my *L*orde, crie you mercie.

2075 *Goos:* Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil mistris.

*Pen:* No by my faith Seruant t'is better in

*Goos.* VVhy *L*adie, Ile but take it out in iest,in earnest.

*Pen.* No,something else there good seruant.

*Goos.* VVhy then here shall be a Camell, and he shall haue hornes,and he shall looke for all the world like a maide without a husband.

*Hip.* O bitter sir *Giles.*

*Tal.* Nay he has a drie wit *L*adie *I* can tell ye.

*Pen.* He bobd me there indeede my *L*ord.

*Fur.* Marry him sweet *L*ady, to answere his bitter bob.

*King.* So she maie answere him with hornes indeed.

*Eug.* *S*ee what a pretie worke he weares in his boote-hose.

*Hip.* Did you worke them your selfe sir *Gyles*, or buy them?

*Goos.* I bought am for nothing madam in th'exange

*Eug.* Bought am for nothing.

*Tal.* Indeed madam in th'exchange they so honor him for his worke that they will take nothing for anie thing he buies on am,but wheres the rich night-cappe you wrohgt cosen?if it had not byn too little for you, it was the best peece of worke,that euer I sawe.

*Goos.* VVhy my *L*ord, t'was bigg enough, when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

*Tal.* Indeede the warmer a man keepes his feete the lesse he needes weare vppon his head.

*Eug.* You speake for your kinsman the best, that euer I heard my *L*ord.

*Goos.* But I beleeue madam, my *L*ord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

*Tal:* I told him so I warrant you cosen.

*Hip:* VVhat doe you thinke he left out Sir *Giles*?

*Goos:* Marrie madam I can take tobacco now, and I haue bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall,better then

then all the burning glasses ith world.

*Eug.* Glowe-wormes sir *Giles* will they make it burne?

*Goos.* O good madam I feed am with nothing but fire,a purpose,Ile besworne they eat me fiue faggots a-weeke in charcoale.

*Tal:* Nay he has the strangest deuices Ladies that euer you heard I warrant ye.

*Fur:* That's a strange deuice indeed my *L*ord.

*Hip*: *B*ut your sowing sir *Gyles* is a most gentlewo-man-like qualitie I assure you.

*Pen*: O farr away,for now seruant, you neede neuer marrie,you are both husband,and wife your selfe.

*Goos*: Nay indeede mistris I wood faine marrie for all that,and ile tell you my reason,if you will.

*Pen:* *L*et's heare it good seruant.

*Goos*: VVhy madam we haue a great match at foot-ball towards,married men against batchellers, & the married men be al my friends,so I wood faine marrie to take the married mens parts in truth.

*Hip*: The best reason for marriage that euer I heard sir *Gyles*.

*Goos*: I pray will you keepe my worke a little mistris; I must needes straine a little courtsie in truth.

*Exit* Sir *Gyles*.

*Hip*: Gods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

*Rud:* Come,come,you heare not me dame.

*Fur*: VVell said sir *Cut*, to her now we shall heare fresh courting.

*Hip:* A las sir *Cut*,you are not worth the hearing, euery bodie saies you cannot loue, how soeuer you talke on't.

*Rud*: Not loue dame?slydd what argument woodst haue of my loue tro? lett me looke as redde as scarlet afore I see thee,and when thou comst in sight if the sunne of thy bewtie, doe not white me like a shippards holland I am a Iewe to my Creator.

*Hip*: O

*Hip.* O excellent.

*Rud.* Let mee burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turnd the verie heart in my bellie, and made mee readie to bee hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

*Hip.* You shood haue hangd longer Sir *Cut*: tis not right yet,

*Rud.* Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my bodie for thy loue, and ile lai't in thy hand to proue it, doost thinke I am no Christian, haue I not a Soule to saue ?

*Hip.* Yes tis to saue yet I warrant it, and wilbe while tis a soule if you vse this.

*Fur.* Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Captaines Courtshippe, is not heard yet, good madam giue him fauour to court you with his voyce.

*Eug.* What shood he Court me with all else my Lord?

*Mom.* VVhy, I hope madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

*Fur.* I meane with an audible sweete song madam.

*Eug.* VVith all my heart my Lorde, if I shall bee so much indebted to him.

*Foul.* Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for hearing me sound musicke.

*Fur.* VVell done Captaine, proue as it wil now.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Me.* My Lord Doctor *Versey* the Physitian is come to see master *Clarence.*

*Mom.* Light and attend him to him presently.

*Fur.* To master *Clarence ?* what is your friend sicke ?

*Mom.* Exceeding sicke.

*Ta.* I am exceeding sorrie.

*King.* Neuer was sorrow worthier bestowed Then for the ill state of so good a man.

*Pen.* Alas poore gentleman; good my Lord lets see him.

*Mom.* Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth

To

To trouble *L*adies since he cannot quitt them.
With any thing he hath that they respect.
*Hip.* Respect my *L*ord;I wood hold such a man
In more respect then any Emperor
For he cood make me Empresse of my selfe
And in mine owne rule comprehend the world.
*Mom.* How now young dame?what sodainly inspird
This speech hath siluer haires,and reuerence asks
And soner shall haue dutie done of me
Then any pompe in temperall *E*mperie.
*Hip.* Good madam get my *L*ord to let vs greet him.
*Eug.* Alas we shall but wrong and trouble him.
His Contemplations greet him with most welcome.
*Fur.* I neuer knew a man of so sweet a temper
So soft and humble, of so high a *S*pirit.
*Mom.* Alas my noble *L*ord he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes
The standing lake of *Impudence* corrupts,
Hath nought in all the world, nor nought wood haue,
To grace him in the prostituted light.
But if a man wood consort with a Soule
VVhere all mans Sea of gall and bitternes
Is quite evaporate with hir holy flames,
And in whose powers a Doue-like Innocence
Fosters her owne deserts,and life and death,
Runnes hand in hand before them : All the *S*kies
Cleere and transparent to her piercing eyes,
Then wood my friend be something, but till then
A *Cipher*, nothing,or the worst of men.
*Foul.* Sweet Lord lets goe visit him.

*Enter Gooscappe.*

*Goos.* Pray good my Lord, whats that yon talke on ?
*Mom.* Are you come from your necessarie busines Sir *Gyles?* we talke of the visiting of my sicke friend *Clarence.*
*Goos.* O good my *L*ord lets visit him, cause I konwe his brother.
*Hip.* Know his brother, nay then Count doe not

not denie him.

*Goos.* Pray my Lord whether was eldest,he or his elder brother ?

*Mom.* O ! the younger brother eldest, while you liue Sir *Gyles.*

*Goos.* I say so still my *L*ord, but I am so borne down with truth as neuer any knight ith world was I thinke.

*Ta.* A man wood thinke he speakes simplie now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest: *F*or often we see the younger inherite, wherein he is eldest.

*Eug.* Your *L*ogicall wit my Lorde is able to make any thing good.

*Mom.* VVell come sweet *L*ords,& *L*adies,let vs spend The time till supper-time with some such sights
As my poore house is furnished withall
Pictures and Iewels; of which implements
It may be I haue some wil please you much.

*Goos.* Sweet Lord lets see them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarence and Doctor.*

*Do.* I thinke your disease Sir, be rather of the mind then the bodie.

*Cla.* Be there diseases of the mind Doctor ?

*Do.* No question Sir, euen as there be of the bodie.

*Cla.* And cures for them too ?

*Do.* And cures for them too, but not by Phisick.

*Cla.* You will haue their deseases,greifes ? wil ye not?

*Do.* Yes, oftentimes.

*Cla.* And doe not greifes euer rise out of passions ?

*Do.* Euermore.

*Cla.* And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

*Do.* Not the passions of the mind, for the mind many times is sicke, when the bodie is healthfull.

*Cla. B*ut is not the mindes-sicknes of power to make the bodie sicke?

*Do.* In time,certaine.

*Cla.* And

*Cla.* And the bodies ill affections able to infect the mind?

*Do.* No question.

*Cla.* Then if there bee such a naturall commerce of Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one offends the other, why shood not the medicines for one cure the other?

*Do.* Yet it will not you see. *Hei mihi quod nullus amor est medicabilis herbis.*

*Cla.* Nay then Doctor, since you cannot make any reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the minde and the bodie, making both subiect to passion, wherein you confound the substances of both, I must tell you there is no disease of the mind but one, and that is *Ignorance.*

*Do.* VVhy what is loue? is not that a disease of the mind?

*Cla.* Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the bloode, nor are wee subiect to any disease, or sorrowe, whose causes or effects simply and natiuely concerne the bodie, that the mind by any meanes partaketh, nor are there any passions in the Soule, for where there are no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your master *Gallen* refers *parti irascenti*, For *illic est anima sentiens vbi sunt affectus:* Therefore the Rationall Soule cannot be there also.

*Do.* But you know we vse to say, my mind giues mee this or that, euen in those addictions that concerne the bodie.

*Cla.* VVe vse to say so indeed, and from that vse comes the abuse of all knowledge, and her practize, for when the obiect in question onely concerns the state of the bodie? why shood the soule bee sorry or glad for it? if she willingly mixe her selfe, then shee is a foole, if of necessitie and against her will, A slaue, And so, far from that wisdome, and freedome that the Empresse of Reason, and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

*Do.* Djuinely spoken Sir, but verie Paradoxicallie.

*Enter Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif, Rudes. Goos: Foul: Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita, Winnifrid.*

*Mom.* Who's there ?

I, my Lord.

*Mom.* Bring hether the key of the gallerie, me thought
I heard the Doctor and my friend.

*Fur.* I did so sure.

*Mom.* Peace then a while my Lord
We will be bold to evesdroppe; For I know
My friend is as respectiue in his chamber
And by himselfe, of any thing he does
As in a *Criticke Synods* curious eyes
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule.
*Maximè omnium teipsum reuerere.*

*Cla.* Knowe you the Countesse *Eugenia* Sir ?

*Do.* Exceeding wel Sir, she's a good learned scholler.

*Cla.* Then I perceiue you know her well indeed.

*Do.* Me thinks you two shood vse much conference.

*Cla.* Alas sir, we doe verie seldome meet,
For her estate, and mine are so vnequall,
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre
That I hold much to sacred a respect,
Of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

*Do.* Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe
Out of your udgment but from passion.

*Cla.* Indeed I doe account that passion,
The verie high perfection of my mind,
That is excited by her excellence,
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.
For what was spoken of the most chast Queene
Of riche *Pasiaca* may be said of her.
*Anteuenit sortem moribus virtutibus Annos,*
*Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.*

*Do.* A most excellent *Dictick.*

*Mom.* Come Lords away, lets not presume too much
Of a good nature, not for all I haue
VVood I haue him take knowledge of the wrong

I rudely offer him:come then ile shewe
A few rare Iewels toy our honour'd eyes,
And then present you with a common supper.
*Goos.*I ewells my *L*ord,why is not this candlesticke one of your iewells pray *?*
*Mom.* Yes marrre is it Sir *Gyles* if you will.
*Goos*: Tis a most sine candlesticke in truth, it wants nothing but the languages.
*Pen.* The languages seruant, why the languages ?
*Goos.*VVhy mistris;there was a lattin candlestick here afore,and that had the languages I am sure.
*Ta.* I thought he had a reason for it *L*adie.
*Pen.* I and a reason of the Sunne too my *L*ord, for his father wood haue bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*
*Do.* VVell master *Clarence* I perceiue your mind
Hath so incorparate it selfe with flesh
And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,
That you haue need of no Phisitians helpe.
But good Sir euen for holy vertues health
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make
Those ground-workes of eternitie, you lay
Meanes to your ruine,and short being here *:*
For the too strict and rationall Course you hold
VVill eate your bodie vp ;and then the world,
Or that small point of it,where virtue liues
VVill suffer Diminution *:* It is now
Brought almost to a simple vnitie,
VVhich is, (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto.*
And if that point faile once, why, then alas
The vnitie must onely be suppos'd,
*L*et it not faile then,most men else haue sold it;
Tho you neglect your selfe, vphould it,
So with my reuerend loue I leaue you Sir. *Exit.*
*Cla.* Thanks worthie Doctour, I do amply quite you
I proppe poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,
And onely by one friend in all the world,
For vertues onely sake I vse this wile,

VVhich otherwise I wood despise and scorne,
The world should sinke and all the pompe she hugs
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe
Ere I sustaine it, if this slendrest ioynt
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings loue so well
Had power to saue it from the throate of hell
*He drawes the Curtaines and sits within them.*

*Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.*

*Eug.* Come on faire Ladies I must make you both
Familiar witnesses of the most strange part
And full of impudence that ere I plaide.
*Hip.* VVhats that good madam ?
*Eug.* I that haue bene so more thenmaiden-nice
To my deare Lord and vnkle not to yeeld
By his importunate suite to his friends loue
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe
Farre past his expectation or his hope
In action, and in person greete his friend,
And comfort the poore gentlemans sick state.
*Pen.* Is this a part of so much Impudence ?
*Eug.* No but I feare me it will stretch to more
*Hip.* Mary madam the more the merrier.
*Eug.* Marrie Madam ? what shood I marrie him ?
*Hip.* You takethe word me thinkes as tho you would,
And if there be a thought of such kind heate
In your cold bosome, wood to God my breath
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.
*Eug.* Gods pretious Ladie, knowe ye what you say,
Respect you what I am, and what he is,
VVhat the whole world wood say,& what great Lords
I haue refused and might as yet embrace,
And speake you like a friend, to wish me him ?
*Hip.* Madam I cast all this,and know your choyse
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores
Of your Iudiciall eyes: I am but young
And be it said without all pride I take,

To

To be a maid, I am one,and indeed
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles
Weend in the loomes of greatnes, and of state :
And yet euen by that little I haue learn'd
Out of continuall conference with you,
I haue cride haruest home of thus much iudgment
In my greene sowing time, that I cood place
The constant sweetnes of good *Clarence* mind,
Fild with his inward wealth and noblenes;
(Looke madam here,) when others outward trashe
Shood be contented to come vnder here.
*Pen.* And so say I vppon my maidenhead.
*Eug.* Tis well said Ladies,thus we differ then,
I to the truth-wise,you to worldly men :
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent iest
(At least in my poore iesting.) Th' Erle my vnckle
Will misse me straite, and I know his close drift
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete
By some deuice or other he hath plotted.
Now when he seekes vs round about his house
And cannot find vs, for we may be sure
He will not seeke me in his sicke ftiends chamber,
(I haue at al times made his loue so strange,)
He straight will thinke,I went away displeas'd,
Or hartelie careles of his hartiest sute.
And then I know there is no greife on earth
Will touch his hart so much, which I will suffer
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,
For ile be sworne in motion and progresse
Of his friends suite, I neuer in my life
VVrastled so much with passion or was mou'd
To take his firme loue in such Ielouse part.
*Hip.* This is most excellent madam, and will proue
A neecelike,and a noble frends Reuenge.
*Eug.* Bould in a good cause,then lets greet his friend,
VVhere is this sickly gentleman at his booke ?
Now in good troth I wood theis bookes were burnd

That

That rapp men from their friends before their time,
How does my vnckles friend,no other name
I need giue him, to whome I giue my selfe,
*Cla.* O madam let me rise that I may kneele,
And pay some dutie to your soueraigne grace.
*Hip:* Good *Clarence* doe not worke your selfe disease
My Ladie comes to ease and comfort you.
*Pen:* And we are handmaides to her to that end.
*Cla:* Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held
VVithin the verge of this presumtuous chaire.
*Eug.* VVhy,*Clarence* is your iudgement bent to show
A common louers passion?let the world,
That liues without a hart,and is but showe,
stand on her emtie,and impoisoned forme,
I knowe thy kindenesse,and haue seene thy hart,
Clest in my vnckles free,and friendly lippes
And I am onely now to speake and act,
The rit'es due to thy loue:oh I cood weepe.
A bitter showe of teares for thy sick state,
I cood giue passion all her blackest rites.
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,
But these are common,knowledge is the bond,
The seale and crowne of our vnited mindes.
And that is rare,and constant,and for that,
To my late written hand I giue thee this,
See heauen,the soule thou gau'st is in this hand.
This is the knot of our eternitie,
VVhich fortune,death,nor hell,shal euer loose.

*Enter Bullaker. Iack,Wil.*

*Ia*: VVhat an vnmannerly trick is this of thy countesse, to giue the noble count her vnckle the slippe thus?

*Wil* Vnmannerlie, you villayne? O that I were worthie to weare a dagger to anie purpose for thy sake?

*Bul*: VVhy young gentlemen, vtter your anger with your fists.

*Wil.* That

*Wil.* That cannot be man,for all fists are shut you know,and vtter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell iust for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominablie miscarrie her selfe.

*Ia:* Protest you sawsie Iack you, I shood doe my countrie and court shippe good seruice to beate thy coalts teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reuerend worde to passe their guarde; why, the oldest courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then protest,

*Bul.* Indeede page if you were in Fraunce, you wood bee broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* sonne in Fraunce dares saie I protest, till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at least, for the inheritance of that worde is not to bee possest before.

*Wil,* VVell, I am sorie for my presumtion then, but more sorie for my *L*adies, marie most sorie for thee good *L*orde *Momforde,* that will make vs most of all sorie for our selues, if wee doe not fynde her out.

*Ia:* VVhy alas what shood wee doe?all the starres of our heauen see, wee seeke her as fast as wee can, if shee bee crept into a rush wee will seeke her out or burne her.

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* Villaines where are your *L*adies,seeke them Out; hence, home ye monsters,nad stil keep you there VVhere leuitie keepes, in her in constant Spheare, *A*waie you pretious villaines,what a plague, Of varried tortures is a womans hart? How like a peacockes taile with different lightes, They differ from them selues; the very ayre *A*lters the aspen humors of their bloods. *Exeuut. Pages.*

Now

Now excellent good,now superexcellent badd.
Some excellent good,some? but one of all:
VVood anie ignorant babie serue her friend,
Such an vnciuill part? Sblood what is learning?
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,
And nourish *Spiders*, cood she cut my throate,
VVith her departure I had byn her calfe,
And made a dish at supper for my guests
Of her kinde charge,I am beholding to her,
Puffe,is there not a feather in this ayre
A man may challenge for her?what? a feather?
So easie to be seene;so apt to trace;
In the weake flight of her vnconstant wings?
A mote man at the most,that with the sunne,
Is onely seene,yet with his radiant eye,
we cannot single so from other motes,
To say this mote is shee,passion of death,
She wrongs me past a death,come,come my friend,
Is mine,she not her owne,and theres an end.

*Eug.* Come vnckle shall we goe to supper now?

*Mom.* Zounes to supper?what a dott is this?

*Eug.* A las what ailes my vnckle,Ladies see.

*Hip.* Is not your Lordshippe well?

*Pen:* Good speake my Lord.

*Mom.* A sweete plague on you all, ye wittie rogues haue you no pittie in your villanous iests, but runne a man quite from his fifteene witts?

*Hip.* VVill not your Lord-shippe see your friend, and neece?

*Mom.* VVood I might sinke if I shame not to see her Tush t'was a passion of pure Ielosie,
Ile now make her now a mends with Adoration.
Goddes of learning and of constancie,
Of friendshippe and euerie other vertue.

*Eug.* Come,come,you haue abus'de me now I know And now you plaister me with flatteries.

*Pen.* My Lord the contract is knit fast betwixt them

*Mom.* Now

*Mom.* Now all heauens quire of Angels sing Amen,
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blisse,
And Neece tho you haue Cosind me in this,
*I*le vnckle you yet in an other thing,
And quite deceiue your expectation.
For where you think you haue contracted harts
VVith a poore gentleman, he is sole heire
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours
I freely, and for euer here bequeath;
Call forth the *L*ords, sweet *L*adies let them see
This sodaine and most welcome Noueltie;
*B*ut crie you mercy Neece,perhaps your modestie
VVill not haue them pertake this sodaine matche.
*Eug.* O vnckle thinke you so, I hope I made
My choyce with too much Iudgment to take shame
Of any forme I shall performe it with.
*Mom.* Said like my Neece,and worthy of my friend.

*Enter Furnifal,Tal: King: Goos: Rud: Foul: Ia: Will, Bullaker.*

*Mom*: My *L*ords,take witnes of an absolute wonder,
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,
My friend,and my deere neece are man and wife.
*Fur.* A wonder of mine honour, and withall
A worthie presedent for al the world;
Heauen blesse you for it *L*adie,and your choyce.
*Ambo* Thankes my good *L*ord.
*Ta.* An Accident that will make pollicie blushe,
And all the Complements of wealth and state,
In the succesfull and vnnumbred Race
That shall flowe from it, fild with fame and grace.
*Kin.*So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy *Clarence.*
*Ambo* Thankes good Sir *Cutberd.*
*Fur.* Captaine be not dismaid, Ile marrie thee,
For while we liue,thou shalt my confort be.
*Foul.* By *F*raunce my *L*ord, I am not grieu'd a whit,
Since *Clarence* hath her; he hath bin in Fraunce,
And therefore merits her if she were better.

*Mom.* Thē knigh ts ile knit your happie nuptial knots,
I know the *L*adies minds better then you;
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertue onlie,
Yet some more wise then some, they choose for both
Vertue,and wealth.
*Eug.* Nay vnckle then I plead
This goes with my choyce, *Some more wise then some,*
For onely vertues choise is truest wisedome.
*Mom.* Take wealth,& vertue both amongst you then,
They loue ye knights exreamely, and Sir *Cutt:*
I giue the ch a st *Hippolita* to you,
Sir *Gyles* thi s *L*adie;
*Pen.* Nay stay there my Lord,
I haue not yet prou'd all his knightly parts
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.
*Tal.* That I forgot sweet *L*adie; good Sir *Gyles*
Haue you no sonnet of your penne about ye ?
*Goos.* Yes, that I haue I hope my *L*ord my Cosen.
*Fur.* Why,this ispassing fit.
*Goos.* Ide be loth to goe without paper about me against my mistris,hold my worke againe, a man knows not what neede he shall haue perhaps.
*Mom.* VVell remembred a mine honour Sir *Gyles:*
*Goos.* Pray read my *L*orde, I made this sonnet of my mistris.
*Rud.* Nay reade thy selfe man.
*Goos.* No intruth Sir *Cut:* I cannot reade mine owne hande.
*Mom.* VVell I will reade it.

*Three things there be which thou shouldst only crauc,*
*Thou Pomroy, or thou apple of mine eye;*
*Three things there be,which thou shouldst longe to haue,*
*And for which three,each modest dame wood crie;*
*Three things there be, that shood thine anger swage,*
*An English mastife, and a fine french page.*

*Rud.* Sblood Asse,theres but two things, thou shamst thy selfe.

*Goos.* VVhy

VVhy Sir *Cutt:* thats *Poeticalicentia*,the verse wood haue binne too long, and I had put in the third, S'light you are no Poet I perceiue.

*Pen.* Tis excellent seruant.

*Mom.* Keepe it *L*adie then,
And take the onely knight of mortall men.

*Goos.* Thanke you good my *L*ord as much as tho you had giuen me twentie shillings in truth, now I may take the married mens parts at footeball.

*Mom.* All comforts crowne you all;& you Captaine
For merrie forme sake let the willowe crowne;
A wreath of willow bring vs hither straite.

*Fur.* Not for a world shood that haue bin forgot
Captaine it is the fashion, take this crowne.

*Foul.* VVith all my hart my *L*ord, and thanke ye too
I will thanke any man that giues me crownes.

*Mom.* Now will we consecrate our readie supper
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,
In forme whereof first daunce faire *L*ords and Ladies
And after sing, so we will sing and daunce,
And to the skies our vertuous ioyes aduance.

*The Measure.*

Now to the song, and doe this garland grace.

*Canto.*

*Willowe,willowe,willowe.*
*our captaine goes downe:*
*Willowe,willowe,willowe,*
*his vallor doth crowne.*
*The rest with Rosemarie we grace,*
*O Hymen let thy lights*
*With richest rayes guild euerie face,*
*and feast harts with delights.*
*Willowe,willowe,willow,*
*we chaunt tothe skies:*
*And with blacke and yellowe,*
*giue courtship the prize.*

FINIS.

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Sir Gyles Goosecappe

Sir Gyles Goosecappe nach der quarto 1606

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